

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE





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WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

Dear Poetry Contributors:

Our apologies to those of you who have sent submissions to Woodwind and received no notification of publishing date. Your exuberance and co-operation has left us with a backlog of excellent material with which we are now attempting to come to terms. We ask you at this time to be patient and to hold off on sending your contributions until September. Between now and then, we will publish the poetry which we have in our files, and return material to those of you who had the foresight to send stamped and self-addressed envelopes. When we begin accepting fresh material, we shall try to perform with a bit more organization. Hopefully we will form a more satisfactory system which will benefit Washington area poets. A new policy for submissions will be outlined in the last August issue of Woodwind. Thank you.

Richard Harrington,
Editor
Deirdra Baldwin,
Poetry Editor

Contributing members: Martin Walker-Donia Mills-Ann Darr-Mary Reed(illustrations)-Adele Schultz-Peter Shiras-Kirk Cheyfitz-Joseph Lewis-Philip Jason-Tom Shales-Merril Greene-Leprachau-Patty Pearson-Tim Healey-Mike Schreiber-Richard Harrington-Dede Baldwin-

The cover drawing is by John Guernsey, in an arrangement by Lauza Levy

The center graphic is an earth-design by Buckminster Fuller

Merril Greene will be going away soon, so we are once again looking for someone to review galleries and do occasional stories on local artists. If you are interested, call 965-9650.

HARD TO GET...

NEW TITLES:

1234567890
Primal Scream
Remember Be Here Now

Burden of the Berrigans
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Tassaraja Bread Book
Aid As Imperialism
Low Cost Co-op Cookbook
We Have Been Invaded By the 21st Century

HARDBACK

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Woman In Sexist Society
Separate Reality

Female Eunuch
Psychedelic Experience
Gay Militants
The New Exiles

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PERIODICALS:

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Ramparts
Aperture
Whole Earth (All issues inc. Last Supplement)
Telos
Solar Journal

NEWSPAPERS:

Ain't I A Woman?
East Village Other
Labor Today
N.Y. Review of Books
Natural Lifestyles
Berkeley Tribe

POSTERS:

Times Change posters
From China, Cuba, Africa
San Francisco Posters
Nixon??? poster

RECORDS:

Seize The Time: Elaine Brown
Last Poets #3
Ballots or Bullets?: Malcolm X
Cry of Vietnam

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Gay Liberation
Native Americans
Third World
Women's Liberation
Counter Culture (includes Eastern philosophy, mysticism, occult, how to do and make type stuff)
Free schools and alternate education
Marxism, Socialism, Anarchism
Poetry/Drama/Fiction
Vietnam War/Draft-Military
Imperialism

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Festival of American Folklife

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, JULY 1

Ohio Area
11:00 - 11:30 Parade: Museum of History and Technology to Ohio Area
11:30 - 12:00 Robert Jr. Lockwood Concert
12:00 - 1:00 String Band Concert
1:00 - 1:30 Greek Dance and Song Teach-In
1:30 - 2:00 Corridos
2:00 - 2:30 Moravian Love Feast
2:30 - 3:00 Harvest Baptist Church Gospel Choir
3:00 - 3:30 Irish Band
3:30 - 4:00 Dulcimer Music
4:00 - 5:00 Dance Join-In

Indian Area
11:00 - 12:00 Weaving with Straw and Wood Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Eskimo Dances
2:00 - 3:00 Alaska Indian Games
3:00 - 5:00 Panel Discussion—Alaska Land Claims

Labor Area
11:30 - 12:00 Concert
12:00 - 1:00 The Wobblies with Utah Phillips
1:00 - 2:00 Learning a Craft: Apprenticeship
2:00 - 3:00 Teatro Chicano de Austin
3:00 - 4:00 The Harlan County Coal Strike
4:00 - 5:00 Concert
5:00 - 5:30 2nd Regiment Marching Band
5:30 - 6:00 Georgia Sea Island Singers
6:00 - 7:00 Puerto Rican Song and Dance

Main Stage
11:00 - 12:00 Guitar Workshop
12:00 - 1:00 Piano Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Cajun Workshop
2:00 - 3:00 Country Concert
3:00 - 4:00 Fiddle Workshop
4:00 - 5:00 John Hartford Concert

Evening Program
Main Stage, 7:30 p.m. — ROOTS OF ROCK: James Rooney, host; Georgia Fife & Drum Corps; Earl Scruggs Review; John Hartford Band; Ralph Stanley & The Clinch Mt. Boys; Harvest Missionary Baptist Church Young People's Choir; Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers; Robert Junior Lockwood; Professor Longhair; Johnny Shines; Houston Stackhouse.

FRIDAY, JULY 2

Ohio Area
11:00 - 12:00 Serbian Dance and Song Teach-In
12:00 - 12:30 Soul Designators
12:30 - 1:00 Children's Games
1:00 - 1:30 2nd Regiment Marching Band
1:30 - 2:00 Corridos
2:00 - 2:30 Moravian Love Feast
2:30 - 3:00 Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys
3:00 - 3:30 Irish Band
3:30 - 4:00 Blues Piano Workshop
4:00 - 4:30 Ohio Valley String Band
4:30 - 5:00 Serbian Dance Join-In

Indian Area
11:00 - 12:00 Legends: Indians and Eskimo Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Tlingit and Haida Dances
2:00 - 3:00 Children's Program
3:00 - 5:00 Panel Discussion—Termination

Labor Area
11:00 - 12:00 Songs of Hard Times—New Lost City Ramblers
12:00 - 1:00 Union Songs
1:00 - 2:00 Folklore of Ironworkers
2:00 - 3:00 Teatro Chicano de Austin
3:00 - 4:00 Songs as an Organizing Tool
4:00 - 5:00 Songs of Industrialization—New Lost City Ramblers
5:00 - 5:30 2nd Regiment Marching Band
5:30 - 6:00 Georgia Sea Island Singers
6:00 - 6:30 Professor Longhair
6:30 - 7:00 Johnny Shines Concert

Main Stage
11:00 - 12:00 Caribbean Music and Dance
12:00 - 1:00 Concert
1:00 - 2:30 Country Music
2:30 - 5:00 Roots of Rock Workshop

Evening Program
Main Stage, 7:30 — NEW MUSIC IN THE NEW WORLD, Africa, England, France and Spain: Roger Abrahams, John Hartford, Mike Seeger, hosts; The Five String Banjo —Norman Blake, Sam Bowles, Vassar Clements, Libba Cotton, Jesse Fuller, Ernest Hodges, Robert Osborne, Lily May Ledford Pennington, Earl, Gary and Randy Scruggs, Bill Williams; From Africa, France and Spain—Areyto Folk Dance Company of Puerto Rico, Balfa Freres and Nathan Abshire; 2nd Regiment Marching Band; Bessie Jones & The Georgia Sea Island Singers; Georgia Fife & Drum Corps.

SATURDAY, JULY 3

Ohio Area
11:00 - 12:00 Romanian Dance and Song Teach-In
12:00 - 12:30 Irish Band
12:30 - 1:00 Dulcimers
1:00 - 1:30 2nd Regiment Marching Band
1:30 - 2:00 Harvest Baptist Church Gospel
2:00 - 2:30 Moravian Love Feast
2:30 - 3:30 Folklore on the Campus
3:30 - 4:00 Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys
4:00 - 5:00 Romanian Dance Join-In

Indian Area
11:00 - 12:00 Indian and Eskimo Carvings Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Eskimo Olympics
2:00 - 3:00 Handgames
3:00 - 5:00 Panel Discussion—Indian Organization

Labor Area
11:00 - 12:00 Scruggs Family and Mike Seeger
12:00 - 1:00 Fiddle Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Glass Bottle Blowers
2:00 - 3:00 Teatro Chicano de Austin
3:00 - 4:30 New Lost City Ramblers, Utah Phillips
4:30 - 5:00 Concert
5:00 - 5:30 2nd Regiment Marching Band
5:30 - 6:00 Libba Cotton
6:00 - 6:30 Johnny Shines
6:30 - 7:00 Ohio Valley String Band

Main Stage
11:00 - 12:00 Caribbean Dance and Music
12:00 - 1:00 Banjo Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Cajun Concert
2:00 - 5:00 Blues Workshop

Evening Program
Main Stage, 6:30 - 9:30 — HOOTENANNY AND SQUARE DANCE: Introduction to the Evening by Archie Green; Jim Garland, Utah Phillips, hosts; Teatro Chicano de Austin; Hazel Dickens; Jesse Fuller; Jesse Gonzales; Sarah Gunning; Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers; Florence Reece; Floyd Westerman; Bill Williams; New Lost City Ramblers; Houston Stackhouse; Alice Seeger.

Indian Area, 8:00 - 11:00 — Indian Powwow, between 13th and 14th Street on the Mall.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

Ohio Area
12:00 - 1:00 Macedonian Dance and Song Teach-In
1:00 - 1:30 Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys
1:30 - 2:00 Irish Music
2:00 - 2:30 Moravian Love Feast
2:30 - 3:30 Blues and Soul
3:30 - 4:00 Corridos
4:00 - 5:00 Macedonian Dance Join-In

Traditional foods will again be available at the Festival. Both a regional plate from Ohio and Northwest Indian foods will be featured.

The evening concerts, by a number of well-known entertainers, will show how people of diverse origins have taken the same instruments and developed distinctive styles. "Roots of Rock" is the theme for the evening program July 1; "New Music in the New World," for July 2; "Hootenanny," for July 3, and an evening concert by Ohio performers is scheduled for July 4.

AREYTO FOLK DANCERS TO APPEAR

A special addition to the Festival is the participation of the Areyto Folk Dance Company of 26 musicians and dancers from Puerto Rico, who will appear on the evening program July 2.

The Areyto is an artistic organization dedicated to the preservation of island songs, costumes, and traditions. Among the dances to be presented are the "Baile de Bomba," developed from the dances of sugar cane cutters; the "Dances of Loiza Aldea," adapted from dances performed at a religious festival, and "Plenas de Puerto Rico," developed from the songs of musical journalists.

Indian Area
1:00 - 2:00 Intertribal Sacred Music Workshop
2:00 - 3:00 Children's Program
3:00 - 5:00 Panel Discussion—Treaty Rights

Labor Area
1:00 - 2:00 Meat Cutters and Butchers
2:00 - 3:00 Teatro Chicano de Austin
3:00 - 5:00 Songs of the Coal Mines
5:00 - 6:00 Jesse Fuller Concert
6:00 - 7:00 Hoedown

Main Stage
11:00 - 1:00 Sacred Music
1:00 - 2:00 Bill Williams Concert
2:00 - 2:30 Ohio Valley String Band
2:30 - 3:00 Professor Longhair Concert
3:30 - 4:00 Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys
4:00 - 5:00 Johnny Shines Concert

Evening Program
Main Stage, 7:30 — OHIO EVENING CONCERT: Art Walker, Socrates Sakelakis, hosts; Corridos Singers — Jesse Gonzales, Armando Sosa; Sam Cox and the Ohio Valley String Band; Greek Musicians, Singers and Dancers; Chet Hines; Harvest Baptist Church Young People's Choir; Irish Band led by Al O'Leary; Robert Junior Lockwood; Moravian Brass Choir; Arthur, Raymond and General Custer Nicholas; Macedonian Musicians and Dancers; Soul Designators; Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys; 2nd Regiment Marching Band.

MONDAY, JULY 5

Ohio Area
11:00 - 12:00 Dance and Music from the Mediterranean and Balkans
12:00 - 12:30 Corridos
12:30 - 1:00 Ohio Valley String Band
1:00 - 1:30 Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys
1:30 - 2:00 Irish Band
2:00 - 2:30 Moravian Love Feast
2:30 - 4:00 Blues and Soul Gospel
4:00 - 5:00 Dance Join-In

Indian Area
11:00 - 12:00 Humor Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Medicine Songs
2:00 - 3:00 Eskimo Games
3:00 - 5:00 Indian Studies Programs

Labor Area
12:00 - 1:00 Utah Phillips; Kenneth Goldstein
1:00 - 2:00 Bakery and Confectionery Workers
2:00 - 3:00 Teatro Chicano de Austin
3:00 - 4:00 Jim Garland, Sarah Gunning
4:00 - 4:30 Concert
5:00 - 5:30 2nd Regiment Marching Band
5:30 - 6:00 Professor Longhair
6:00 - 7:00 Dance

Main Stage
11:00 - 12:00 Concert: Music for Children with Mike Cooney
12:00 - 1:00 Banjo Workshop
1:00 - 2:00 Jesse Fuller Concert
2:00 - 3:00 Music from the Mediterranean and Balkans
3:00 - 4:00 Bill Williams Concert
4:00 - 5:00 Johnny Shines Concert

Evening Program
No Festival events are scheduled; the annual fireworks display will take place on the Monument Grounds.

Ohio will be the featured state this year, with ethnic groups from both urban and rural areas. Demonstrations of food processing traditional to Ohio will include maple sugaring, apple butter boiling, and baking of Moravian love feast buns. The Ohio musical presentation will include performers representing a number of ethnic groups, a mountain string band, and both a blues and a bluegrass band. Ohio is the fourth state that has been featured at a Folklife Festival. Others featured in past Festivals were Texas, Pennsylvania and Arkansas.

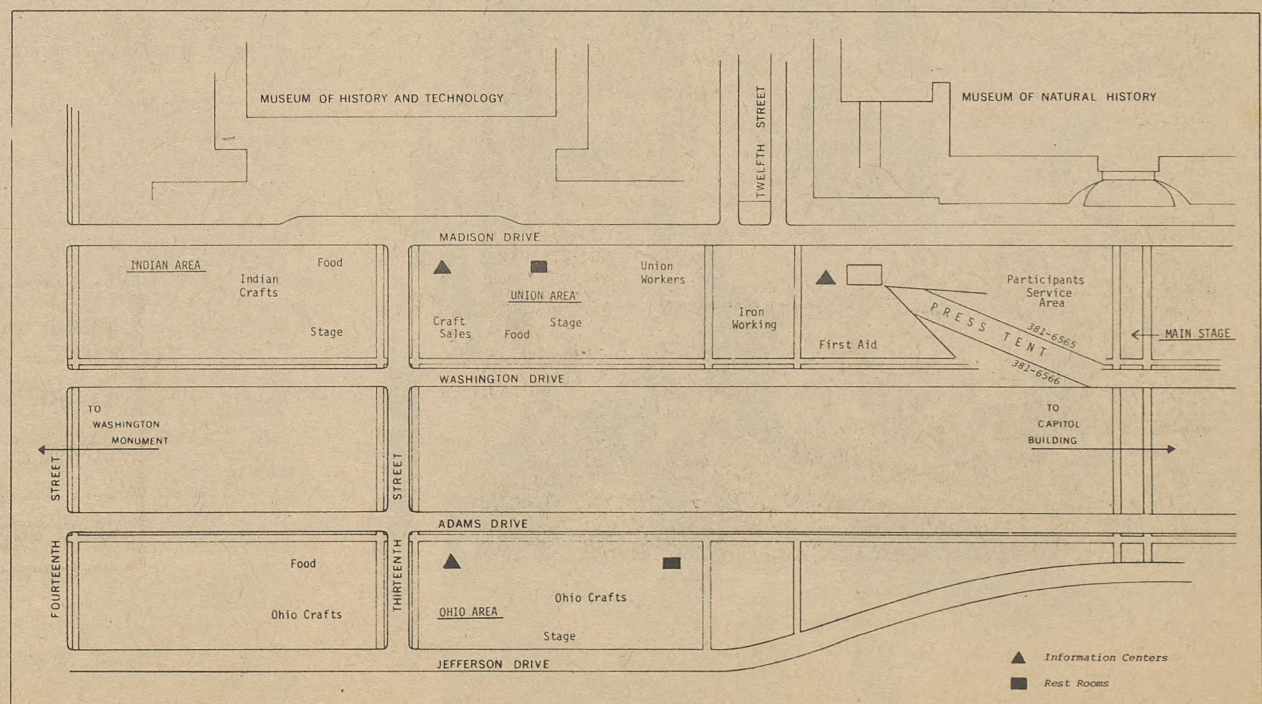
Northwest coast Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos will be presented in another featured section of the Festival. A six-year program displaying many aspects of Indian American life was initiated at last year's Festival with the presentation of Indians of the Southern Plains. This program will climax with a large, nationally representative event for the Bicentennial in 1976. Craft demonstrations, food preparation, games, dancing, singing, and potlatches will be part of the Indian cultural materials presented, according to Mrs. Clydia Nahwoosky, Director of the Festival Indian Program.

The American working man, as a member of organized labor, will be a new focus of this year's Festival. This will be the first in a six-year series of programs dealing with the skills of trade union members, which will also culminate in the Bicentennial year.

A wide range of journeymen, their tools and materials will demonstrate not only the products of their labor, but the actual work and skill itself. Panel discussions between labor historians, folklorists, and union craftsmen will develop the oral history of labor organizations and will illuminate the cultural and social role of labor in America, both today and yesterday, characterizing the way in which each individual's sense of identity is involved with the work he performs.

Music and folklore of the labor movement will be presented in a variety of performance situations during the day and at the evening concerts of the five-day Festival. These programs will strive to dramatize the historic fact of songs as an organizing tool and will illustrate the continuing capacity of songs to bind people together and to articulate their common spirit and goals.

Location of Festival Events



CLAUDE JONES AND THE AMAZING AMOEBA

donia mills

II.

I've heard of bands named after bulldozers and bands named after gum wrappers, and of course groups named after the lead guitarist or the virtuoso organist or the prima donna vocalist. But a band named after the equipment manager and chief engineer?

Well, why not? After all, the prime Claude Jones manifesto is: In This Outfit, Nobody's More Important Than Anybody Else. There is no leader, no star, no single supreme authority in the group. Responsibility, limelight, and money are divided equally ten ways. Each member has one equal vote in decision-making procedures. And if it sometimes tends to slow things down some, like the filibuster, well, it also keeps the group on an even keel. In fact it has kept CJ together and performing for three years now, a relatively long time by local-rock-group standards. Especially considering the haphazard way they got together in the first place.

"You know the old myth about guys sort of falling into rock and roll bands?" remarks drummer Reggie Brisbane. "Well, with us that was exactly the way it happened."

Once upon a time, the story goes, there wasn't much going on around Claude Jones' house so he called up a few of his friends who played instruments, and suggested that they come over to his place and jam for a while. They did, and it sounded pretty good, and that night "Claude Jones" was hatched as a three-man group: Reggie on drums, Jay Sprague on bass, and Peter Blachley on lead guitar.

One day a few months later they stopped on the highway to pick up a friendly-looking fellow who was thumbing a ride, which turned out to be a fortuitous move since the hitchhiker was Mike Henley. They told him they were a rock group and he told them he was an organist, and suddenly it seemed like a good idea to expand their sound a little. He knew a vocalist too, Mike said, a guy named Joe Triplett who also played harmonica and wrote music himself. So then they were five. Next to be added were Frannie Day (rhythm guitar, vocals) and John Guernsey, who filled in once when Henley was sick. When Henley got well they just added a piano, instead of subtracting a musician, to give them a two-man interchangeable keyboard department. And finally there is John Hall, who alternates between rhythm section and equipment handling and belting out vocals on the group's more vigorous numbers.

Last August, Blachley retired from the world of rock music to become a yoga teacher. The acquisition of his replacement, Happy Acosta, was carried out in typically casual CJ fashion.

"I was up in Massachusetts," Happy recounts, "and Peter says to me, 'There's a job waiting for you down here, if you want it.' But I stayed up here thinking they would surely contact me themselves. Meanwhile they were sitting down there waiting for me to contact them; when I finally came to DC to apply for the job they said, 'Hey, man, where have you been?'"

The grand total outfit, including players, singers, equipment men, managers, wives, girlfriends, and a large contingent of dogs, goes under the collective name of "The Amoeba". Now amoebas, you may recall from your old biology days, are famous chiefly for their single-celled unity and their ever-changing shape. Go to a CJ performance, and you immediately see how perfectly the name fits the group.



If your idea of a fun band is a band who is having fun, then by all means, catch the next Claude Jones gig that comes your way. I first saw them at Montgomery College in Takoma Park, a late-May concert held outdoors on a tennis court, which CJ somehow managed to transform into a big funky family party. The band members intermittently joked with the audience. Claude Jones sat on a box in front of the control board, every now and then stomping over to frown at a troublesome amplifier. Meanwhile Mrs. Claude Jones, a young blue-jeaned bride with great infectious *joie de vivre*, was dancing with various members of the audience--including one very straight-looking fellow in a button-down shirt and tie.

About midway through the set somebody down front staggered up to the stage to make a request: he wanted some wine.

"We don't have any, man," Joe Triplett said apologetically. (Beer, tequila, yes. Wine, no.) But he would see what he could do. "Anybody got some wine for a friend?" he appealed to the audience. Someone came up with a bottle, the guy sat back down, and the concert continued. A very natural thing to happen, actually, since CJ onstage exudes such good-time warmth that you feel they're all just part of the gang.

"Establishing this kind of 'conversation' between the audience and the band is very important to us," Joe said afterward. "Ideally, you strive for a total absence of self-consciousness, for both the band and the audience. To look out there and see an ocean of dancing kids---I mean, that's cool. That makes it cool for us, too, when everybody's getting it off like that. You can do no wrong."

When pressed a little further, the lead singer (who comes across like, yummy, right out of Malboro Country, except for his inconspicuous pony tail in the back) explains that there were sometimes two divergent musical theories within the group. "Personally, I sort of believe in the Vince Lombardi school of musicianship--practice makes perfect. I think you need pressure to be really good. But then of course, I'm a singer, and a singer naturally needs to be surer of timing and stuff. Some of the other people go for more of a free-form type of thing, they like to jam, bounce off each other--they figure if they do enough of that together it's gonna come out right in the end. And since we always decide things by everybody putting in their two-cents' worth, what we finally come up with is usually a combination of the two."

However they come up with it, it's a great combination. In addition to CJ's original material (written mostly by Joe and John Guernsey) they beef up their school and dance gigs with a number of old standard rockers. To familiar sounds like the Stones' "Not Fade Away" and Smokey Robinson's "You Really Got A Hold On Me" CJ brings a whole new dimension which can only be appreciated in context. While giving the illusion of utter laxity, they are really quite controlled. At one point, which I at first mistook for a break, guys started laying down their instruments and wandering to the edges of the stage to chat with friends or take a nip. John Hall was shaking the maracas around a little, nothing serious. Then Jay started putting down a little bass line, which Reggie was sort of keeping up with, and one by one all these guitars and keyboards kept joining in until finally the whole crew was screaming "Luceeee-ILLE!" at top volume, to everyone's great delight.

Just like, you know, a big old musical amoeba.

III.

It is CJ's determination to retain complete control of their own musical affairs that recently led them to produce a record themselves, on their own "Sweet Breeze" label, rather than sign with a major company. Two years ago they were offered a \$45,000 contract by Mercury Records, but they finally decided to turn it down after 34 contractual pages of small print. The Amoeba simply did not dig the idea of signing away its free-form soul for three long years, in areas ranging from ownership of the group's name to tape distribution rights in Japan.

But recording is inevitable for any group who has achieved a certain stature, as CJ has, and wants to move up to the next level. Because of course a record means automatic promotion, and promotion means better booking agents, which means more prestigious gigs with more money, which means more exposure, which means even better gigs and even more money, and that's the whole idea, isn't it? I mean, it's just against human nature or something, to be content with standing still. "You gotta move!"

CJ's solution was to cut an "EP" on their own--a record the size of a 45 single, which plays at 33 1/3 speed and has two or three songs on each side. The album cuts are all first-rate songs, 17 minutes of good, solid listening music--financed by Don Johnston, produced by Claude, and mixed with great loving care by the entire group. That's the way they wanted it.

"Instead of doing a full-sized, full-priced album with a few good songs and the rest fillers," Claude explains, "we wanted to put out a record with a maximum of good music at a minimum cost, for our friends who know us and like our music."

If the record sells for \$1.50, as now planned, their friends will surely be delighted. Moreover, this remarkable musical bargain is likely to make new friends for Claude Jones besides.

The songs include "Sykesville" (a song written by John Guernsey, with a folksy ragtime sound that runs counter to the anguish of the lyric), "Lesson To Learn" (a country-flavored ballad composed by Joe and Peter Blachley), and a three-in-one composition of Guernsey's--"Lonely", "I Talked to a Man Today" and "Kuan Tai"--the latter with a gorgeous melody guaranteed to keep you humming for days. (There's an interesting rumor about "Lesson to Learn" that goes something like this: Nils Lofgren (of Grin) liked this CJ number so much that he learned it himself, and sang it for Neil Young during that legendary session. After which Neil went home and wrote "Helpless". Which later appeared on the CSNY "Deja Vu" album, and certainly does sound an awful lot like "Lesson To Learn", falsetto and all.)

John Guernsey's cup runneth over with artistic as well as musical talent, as evidenced by the jacket design he provided for the record. It's an etching of a family, mother and father and child, each individual a graceful extension of a single flame-like form--somehow very suitable for a Claude Jones album. And on the back cover is a photograph of the railway station in Sykesville, Maryland, where the state hospital is located.

No, John insists, the album's not supposed to have a psycho connotation or anything like that. "It just happened that on the day we were mixing the song 'Sykesville' there was this big photo of the Sykesville RR station in the newspaper. It was such an amazing coincidence we decided we had to have it, so we contacted the photographer and he was really nice, said he'd be glad to let us use it for the cover."

When the record is released locally, pending distribution arrangements, it will be the second album by a major Washington group to appear this year.

Manager Mike Oberman, who has been with Claude Jones since their earliest days as a trio, feels that the Washington music scene definitely has its advantages. For instance, in what other city could you play gigs at the Monument Grounds and the Women's National Democratic Club and the British Embassy? (With Lady Harlech photographed sitting in on drums, to prove it?)

"And the DC scene is small enough everybody knows everybody else, it's a lot friendlier than a cutthroat place like New York, where the competition is so fierce. Here it's not unusual for one group to call up another group and say hey, there's such-and-such a job we can't handle, you want to take it for us?"



IV.

Since Worthy Causes are so plentiful in the nation's capital, CJ has played more than its share of free gigs--from GROK concerts to benefits for Emergency and Woodwind and Peace.

There have also been a few times when CJ didn't plan to give free benefits, it just turned out that way. Like the time they went down to play at the Richmond Free University, and on the basis of packed-house predictions agreed to a deal whereby they would be paid 50% of the receipts. When they got there, the place had a six-foot wide hole in the ceiling and no heat, and the temperature was six-degrees above zero. Peter's fingers were literally freezing to the strings. But there were fifteen people in the audience, sitting there in six-degree weather, so the show went on. They made \$10 that night, which didn't begin to cover expenses down there.

At the other end of the spectrum is the week Claude Jones played at the Cellar Door last August, a prestigious gig enjoyed by very few local groups. "Although David Steiberg wasn't exactly the most ideal act for us to be billed with," recalls Connie Sprague. "The audience was of course older and straighter and I think we sort of startled them. I remember this one lady sitting in the front row, when the guys came on stage she took one look and said 'I can't believe it.' " Knowing the group, however, it's safe to assume she was a bit more of a believer by the end of the set.

And then there are Gigs With a Sense of Humor, such as the one they did recently at Maryland U. for the Mayday Bail Fund. When they arrived at the hall they found it swarming with greasers: slicked-back hair, leather jackets, chains, a few minor rumbles, the works. And then in this corner you had Claude Jones, a bunch of peace-loving freaks with beards and guitars, scared you-know-whatless. "Turned out it was a Greaser Party," says Oberman. "All the freaks had dressed up like greasers and slicked their hair back and were playing the role. So we pulled out all our old rockers from back in the fifties and played a real greaser set---it was great."

And last but not least, Gigs With a Happy Ending. When Mr. and Mrs. Claude Jones were married last December at a chapel in the National Cathedral, the band played for their reception. A festive occasion, no doubt about it, with the Consciousness II parents and the Consciousness III offspring all grooving together like you've never seen before or since. (Immense quantities of champagne being one of the most effective methods of bridging the generation gap.)

What happens when the band that plays together stays together?

The answer to that query is the story of the Amoeba farm, which could easily be a book in itself. CJ members recall with nostalgia the year (October '69 to October '70) they lived on the Culpeper County farm, 150 acres fronting along the Rappahannock River. It was the closest they ever came to actually living their communal ideal. Out of the money they made playing, each performer was paid one dollar per gig. The rest went into the community fund.

"See, we had this plan," says John Hall. "We thought if we could all support ourselves and make living expenses with part-time jobs, then we could take the money we made as a band and save it up for a down payment on a piece of land in Canada."

Admittedly, it was a great concept--thirteen people all living and working together towards a common goal like that. The Post and Star and Washingtonian all did features on the group. And in August, when the "Caravan of Love" passed through DC on their national free-concert tour, the bands set up camp and stayed down on the Amoeba Farm. (They made a movie of the Caravan, including some footage of the farm, which is due out this fall.)

Legendary cats like Wavy Gravy, Hog Farm, Jack Casady, Jorma Kaukonen--165 of them. In eleven huge thirty-foot-high tie-dyed teepees. "It was the most unbelievable sight you've ever want to see," they all tell you, shaking their heads with faraway visions of glory: skinny dipping at midnight, Hot Tuna jamming down by the river.

V.

All Edens have their serpents, though, and the Amoeba Farm was no exception. The Commune discovered, as rural populations have been discovering for decades, the expenses and hardships of country living. Especially since work was inevitably centered in DC, which meant many hours of commuting. "We were living in our cars half the time," says Jay. "We were spending about thirty dollars a week on gas alone." The convenient part-time jobs, when they did materialize, didn't turn out to be so convenient after all. And saving all that money was easier said than done.

Then too, there was the Great Pot Plot, just one more bad vibration to contend with. According to road manager Keith Krokyn, it was all part of a "Clear the Freaks Out of Culpeper County" campaign being waged by some local candidates for the upcoming elections. "When they busted some friends of ours who lived down the road (on highly questionable charges that were eventually dropped), we figured it was just a matter of time. And at that point, we sure didn't have a lot of spare bread around for legal fees."

Anyway--13 people, 13 different reasons, they all insist--the lease was not renewed last fall and they all moved back to town. This year, even though their playing is still very much together, they all live separately. Nowadays, for instance, you have to do a lot of moving to keep up with the Joneses. Claude and Debbie are keeping house in a large van, along with a coonhound named Belle and a (sort of) sheepdog named Dylan, all very compact and cozy. There's a rug on the floor and posters all over the plywood walls and home is, well, wherever they decide to park for the night.

The others live scattered about town in slightly less mobile fashion, supplementing their income by a variety of means--clerking at Discount Records; giving piano lessons; working at Drums Unlimited; doing a little auto body work on the side. And since they are all extraordinarily lovable guys (college-educated, even). There are always the ladies, more than happy to have them for dinner. It is darkly rumored that one member of the band even lives at home with his parents.

You know, it don't come easy.

Talking to them, you can't help sensing the frustrations of being a good band who wants to be just a little bit better, a little bit bigger. Could anyone have told them, starting out as a few kids jamming in Claude Jones' basement three years ago, about all the hard lessons they were to learn? Their music says it for them: "The world's just a little place, and it is constantly changing..." (Oh, the joys of redneck politicians and cigar-smoking record company agents and hardnosed deal-making DJ's!) "Sometimes you gonna get what you want, sometimes you gonna get burned..."

"There've been a lot of ups and downs, sure," Oberman admits--although it doesn't worry him too much, that's just the kind of business it is. If things look hopeless one day you just stick around, invariably they'll look beautiful tomorrow. "The group has a way of hanging together at times when it really counts, they've always been that way."

Because in the final analysis, is there any better occupation in life than playing in a rock band? If you're a rock musician?

VI.

Although the group is naturally impatient to release their record as soon as possible, summertime is normally considered low ebb for the music business and they may settle on a fall release date, when schools are in session and gigs to help promote the album will be more plentiful.

Again, promotion. Of all the ingredients in the commercial success of a rock and roll band, possibly the least noble and the most necessary. Joe and Mike Henley can tell you a thing or two about that, in fact. They enjoyed a brief flash of glory back in the summer of '65 when a group they were in recorded "What A Girl Can't Do", a tune written by John Guernsey's brother Tom. Although the recording group was actually the Reekers (whose drummer was Bob Berherich, now with Grin), it was released by Monument Records under the name The Hangmen, a performing band that Tom got together after the Reekers split up. "What A Girl Can't Do" took off and became a #1 hit for a while in the DC area--and, Joe says ruefully, who knows what it might have done in other parts of the country, if Monument had only promoted it a little nationally?

Who knows, indeed?

If success means the freedom to do what you want to do, the way you want to do it, and be appreciated and paid for it, then Claude Jones has been a pretty successful outfit all along. And if the appearance of their album marks an upward turning point in their history, nobody who knows their music will be too surprised. Although I must say, in all selfishness, I'd hate to see them get too big-time and have to leave us. Their all such open and honest and unpretentious guys, so genuinely likeable, you almost feel they'd hate to do it themselves. There must be a certain homey charm about an audience trying to bum wine from the band and calling out "More, fucking MORE": music at the end of the set--even if it is just a college tennis court gig in Takoma Park.

Whatever direction their career may take from here, the band can certainly look back on their salad days with satisfaction; during these past three years they've made a lot of good music and a lot of good friends--and above all, they've done it their way.

for
a
new
time

adele schultz



Stonehenge on MacArthur Blvd? Sleepy MacArthur Blvd., with its small town air, an occasional District Grocery: as similar to Salisbury Plain as Yosemite is to Wheaton Plaza. Yet there is a 15 foot high calendar fashioned in concrete and mosaics (which is as astonishing to us now as Stonehenge was in Prehistoric times.), heralded by an inscription proclaiming "YOU ARE LOOKING AT ALL 13 MONTHS OF THE YEAR", a 20-foot-high astrological chart (with 13 signs instead of 12), concrete equations strategically scattered around, X's that stand as high as your shoulder, 7's that look you right in the eye. All components of perhaps the only Calendarium in the world located in the backyard of Professor Walter Rothe, President and Founder of The Universal Calendar Society.

Professor Rothe is a self-educated astrometrist, inventor (17 patents to his credit) a white-haired, ebullient 68 year old who emigrated to the US from Germany at the age of 20 because "there was no future in Germany, Germany was overpopulated". He greeted us wearing a Green Beret cap which he says "is only good for wearing in the garden I'd wear it to Georgetown" (eyeing the hairy persons of WOOD-WIND'S ace reporter, engineer, and photographer.).

Professor Rothe is recognized internationally; by the Leaders of American Science (10 years ago), The Royal Blue (1964), a Certificate of Merit from the Dictionary of International Biography in London (July 1968), and was named one of the "Two Thousand Men of Achievement" in London (september 1968). Professor Rothe spends time now lecturing on the result of 24 years of research, the Universal Calendar. He is also "half-finished" with a book which includes the history of the calendar as well.

Pioneer Rothe evolved the new Universal Calendar "by accident". "One day while writing a letter to my parents... 24 years ago I was looking at my clock, musing its mathematical irregularity and Lo and Behold, I thought to apply astronomical order to the calendar" hinting that the new Universal Calendar should be of the same order as our own 24 hour day.

The Universal Calendar is based on the order by habits of the solar system. Each month would have 28 days divided into four weeks; each quarter would have 13 weeks, each year would have 13 months with one overset day, a holiday at the end of the year to complete our trip around the sun.

This last "Superday", exclaimed the councing Professor, would be "the earth's own birthday" and last for 29 hours, 45 minutes, and 45.5 seconds. Superday has already caused some trouble, Professor Rothe said. He referred to it once as "the black sheep of days" while lecturing to Mrs. Walter Washington and some other ladies in his garden causing Mrs. Washington to walk out before he had a chance to finish that this "black sheep" is the most special of days, "the climax" of days after we earthlings have gyrated 687, 803, 131 miles in 365 days traveling 66, 600 miles per hour around the sun.

That extra 13th month, Solarious, would be sandwiched between June and July. Think of it! An extra month in summer! Solarious would have the sunshiniest, longest days and shortest nights, hence the name. Imagine how airline tickets to romantic places would soar during Solarious (provided someone was going somewhere in the northern hemisphere),.... Professor Rothe commented that 85 percent of the people live in the Northern Hemisphere anyway.



Months would never stop in the middle of a week but always on Sunday, with each new month beginning on a Monday. For example there would be a fixed date for Easter (Sunday, April 14) and for Xmas, (Thursday, December 25), prompting any reasonable person to take a seven day weekend). Not to mention as each month would have 28 days we would no longer have to struggle with how many days September hath!

In the new Universal Calendar your birthday will have the same ordinal number (1-365) as in the old calendar; however, you may acquire a new date-number and weekday. For example, if your birthday falls on March 21 in the old calendar it will fall on Wednesday, March 24 forever in the new Universal Calendar (both being the 80th ordinal day). Or what if your birthday falls on June 21 by the old calendar.... being the 172nd ordinal day you would actually be born on the 4th of Solarious!

As far as your astrological chart goes, supposing you were born May 20, a Taurus. According to the new calendar you would actually be a birthday boy on May 28.... presto, you are a Gemini! (perhaps you have always been partial to the Twins rather than the seemingly anchor-man type generally characterized by Taurus.)

But anyway, Professor Rothe says if changing your birthday really bothers you, you could just keep your old birthday, as the new and old calendars will have to co-exist during an adjustment period of "5-10 years".

The seven-day week has a Biblical origin hence not much static from the more influential religious groups. The Jews already for the most part retain the ancient Hebrew Calendar to mark their Holy Days. As for the Catholics, Professor Rothe attended the 1963 Ecumenical Council and says that he was instrumental in obtaining a statement opening the way to calendar reform through the good offices of Augustin Cardinal Bea, a vatican liberal. (They voted 2058-9 to support the U. N. in the adoption of the Universal Calendar.)



The Parcel Service people prepared a brochure (for the calendar industry) placing a picture of Professor Rothe alongside such other well-known reformers such as Julius ceasar and Pope Gregory XIII. "Very flattering", beamed Professor Rothe, "but they made a mistake... they placed the new month of Solarious between July and August rather than June and July."

In anticipation of a little opposition from the astologers, Pioneer Rothe said, "I had to do something for them" and he bounced over to a gigantic astrological chart stopping long enough to pick up a 5-foot-long stick which he flourished as a pointer. With great professorial pyrotechnics he pointed out, "the extra month, Solarious is symbolized by a man with wings" because he had noted that all the other signs were earthbound. Astronometrlist Rothe says he developed the new sign two months before the astronauts landed on the moon and curiously enough the symbol---a T topped by a circle---suggests the sea of Tranquility on the moon. This same sign, the ankh, was a sacred emblem of life to the ancient Egyptians.

In the early Fifties the World Calendar Association financed by the Rockefeller Fund took Professor Rothe to court claiming that he had tried to cash in on their World Calendar (which incidently was proposed to and rejected by the U. N.). Deserted by his attorney after nearly two and one half years of legal battle, Professor Rothe defended himself so well that the Judge dismissed his case.

The actual building of the concrete forms for the bigger-than-life size Universal Calendar was done by Professor Rothe also. He learned to mix concrete watching the construction people. Each form inset with mosaics and stones individually done.

Professor Rothe treats his numbers like a beloved bunch of trained seals, having them perform all kinds of fantastic tricks before our very eyes. Yet the letterheads of the Universal Calendar Literature proclaims "One World, One Clock, One Calendar... A challenge to redeem our image in the eyes of future generations". Pioneering Professor Rothe is out as Galileo but let us hope he does not come to as unfortunate an end.

STATEMENT - Part I

Listen ! I will give voice to
the hundred miracles within

One man
and without one universe

I am generation
with the word

and with the word
I link the whole

with despair
with celebration

which are the same
with the universe

with the word
which are the same

STATEMENT - Part II

Forty men aship
on the glimmering water

the hoist of sail
cracks through the night

forty breathing
the wind bearing down on forty

a fine course straightaway
star guided

to the slip of the moon
the haven and harbor of the moon

star-fall and star-light
construct a prison

of brilliance, hosanna
a glittering death

for the forty asea
morning resurrect forty men

as one
Set sail for the sun

and the ends of the earth
and the bib of the moon

sing for the universe
speak for the word

is one with the sun and moon
and one with the forty asea .

MIAMI

In order to find the correct metaphor
something must be said about a woman
and something about the gray dusk
left by the downpour on the highway.
There is a restful hum in the traffic
and the buzz of neon; the tepid energy
that cools the room, breathing through machines.
Asleep, the palms with their muscular sculptured
necks, their dreaming shuddering foliage crowns.
The visual cacaphony of skyscraper, adobe, and
kitch americana does not offend; delights the most
proprietary eye... unless there is something that
will not give... the parthenon was just the parthenon.
Word of this inbred chaos will live longer.
A whole lifetime. I can see the cars glittering
like the bigtime over the bridge. Drawn to
the city as though it were some fertile
garden, perhaps it is.
Perhaps the metaphor will stand.

D. B. BALDWIN

LENA AND HER LOVER

"It's surely love," said Lena,
"The way I hear them chimes
and feel that big egg a softness
sorta settle down round us, and
him!" She waved her hand, "that smile
sends a shaft a pure light through
t'my toes. Why, I can tell when that
man is fifty feet a this house, there's
a warmth, a kinda presence commin' in waves
and rollin' over my heart. I've had
thirty years o' one man, never batted my
eye for another after I met him. It was
like somethin' magical happened, that I
never figured the secret to.... why, if
he fell to pieces, I couldn't get him
whole just right, not like he is,
not like he is....

No, he don't say much, kinda quiet."

THIS IS PRIVATE

this is private ,
between you and me
(you see) I can't

be telling everybody .
it happened today
walking through the woods

on a kind of
cowpath nobody takes
but the cows and a few

horses when it rains (when
the sun's out, they collapse
right in the middle of it)

I passed by sassafras,
locust, and through an
occasional jack-in-the-pulpit;

balanced on one foot
above the creek on a
slip-easy log , struck

by lightning , and lying on its
back breeding moss where the
bark should have been .

and on the other side
I nearly drowned in
a bramble of blackberry blossoms

but I heard the bees
and that's when it happened -
when the bees were settling

back to their business
above the bushes . hushed .
something slipped out of me

then and took off through
the trees to where the sky
had broken in all blue

and a big lazy hawk was circling .
I went home straight through the
pasture to walk in my own garden .

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIRK CHEYFITZ



PUSH

Push back the rose portieres
I am coming through.
I want my turn in the Morris Chair
with the black arm button to zing
me into orbit. Escaping always,
I am in return.

I clutch to me
the ancient evil rights, giddy
with despair. Hopeless is a water-
fall of warning. Idiocy took off
on the morning breeze, misnamed
innocence.

We wheeled and banked
against a calico sky, blazed
a trail (we thought) of possibles.
Oh we were birds and would grow
feathers in a minute.

We heard
the sound of the tidal wave
and thought it was applause.

"HIT IT WITH THE BABY"

(Theatre direction for the Lighting Man)

Rounding a corner in an open ocean
is quite possible. Landmarks,
ocean marks keep shifting, but keep
coming on. That school of whales
has been here, near here before,
and your insides leap riding
the back of that great water-breaking
shape, carting his own scenery, his water-
fall, with him. The sun careens
around the earth at a breath-taking speed
to that old hide.

Every dawn is a drama
played by light, surfacing surprise,
streams of color dragged across your eye
balls. That dark island which grew
in you, which you have spewed up to indent
the horizon, now has a golden hummock
to show you that it cares. No,
to show you light is all that matters
after all ("hit it with the baby," and
anyone in the theatre could walk that beam
and spot-light to the stage,) and this is what
we search for, after all, not oceans,
islands, not this continual wandering about
backstage, banging our heads on the dressing room door,
but the moment on our inner stage
when we have "hit it with the baby"
and light blooms.

TOURIST DOUBLE-TAKE

That Montmartist, with the feather in his cap,
has a brother framed in an abode door
several miles by the thousands to the west,
over water, rock and canker sore.
(Tay wah kwap ti wah,
my Hopi sounds very like my French.)

The checkered shrunken shirt,
the weathered wrinkled cheek,
the shirred cherubic mouth,
skilled crimped eye measuring advantage,
the lilted language price on the Leica Likeness,
dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar.

CHEW TO RUIN

What worndown bric-a-brac of a sack
of verbs is this I come to: call
hail, maul, fall, and I am falling
down the hollow of my angry voice
scourging faint receptionists
for buffaloing my requests.
I do not want to be called back.
I want to deliver now!

The only sequence here is in my breathing.
And the growing of my hair. My plants
rise up and die and rise again
having nothing to do with
seasons. And my plans. Well,
I push back death wherever I see him.
I put off visits where the breathing's hard.
I take chances, but in my catagory,
only where the danger is great
and painted red.

It is the holes in the eyes
I fall in... endlessly dropping...
that rakes my skin from my aching side.
I fear being eaten by rabid squirrels
or revolving friends who slice my hide...
it's then I find silk in my own mouth... dried.

FLOTSAM AND NIXON

Assailed by sudden sigh the size
and shape of topographical Tehachapi,
the seismograph of me, ris-
ing from a rage of unkept promises,
I am heaved upon a beach
of breach, seized by a slime of time,
a phlegm of men;

MAY 1970

Downwind from all this hope
is the planning map
turning the corner into
Ecology Street. Who-
ever arranged the
plumbing details
expected a plumb
line all the way home,
but no one was talking straight
and the planning map
has carboned into
a burning.

CON SCIENCE

When in the hall
of learning I learn
(say the Puritan ants
built a city under my skin)
the good poet steals,
when if I stole so much as an ink-
pot I could end up
serving my time
without a pesawa
to pay up, I damn
the margin of gold-
en conch shells
that calls me a pauper
player-with-words
because I cannot afford
to be a thief.

**ann
darr**

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIRK CHEYFITZ





PHOTOGRAPH BY KIRK CHEYFITZ

A Spring Lyric

I Argument

It ill behooves old crocks
Like Semonides of Amorgos
To come on so strong in spring,
Clack heels in goatish glee
And squeeze last drops,
The wine-sap of concupiscence,
From the dregs of barrels
Puddled with the juices of a yesteryear.
I say, old man, where is your wit?
I see you flying down the cobbles,
An old dismasted trireme in some howling gale,
Your shirt undone,
Your hair a wispy pennant to whatever breeze,
All open, all in disarray
To God knows what breath
Of autumn madness in this spring.
You've got your seasons all mixed up,
You addle pate.
Besides, the creature that you're aiming for,
Who just ducked out of sight,
Is known to all quite well.
She's a visitor from Lesbos
Here for the Dionysian.
So double shame upon
Your creaking satyriasis!

PETER SHIRAS

II Rebuttal

Bravo,
Old Semonides!
Go to it-yes!
And teach these
Athenian thin-bloods
That the island men
Are of such stuff that randy age
Is not encompassed by
Such numbers that will tell
A moral tale of "Now it's time
For this," "Now time for that."
A fart on all their logic, Semonides.
The old bull is the one
Whose seed is prized.
His long bellows in the dusk of life
Belie the myth of impotence.
What woman wants
A fuzz-chinned sallow rack of knees
And elbows climbing her
Like the first ascent of smiling Hymettos?
No, say I. Do your stuff and we...

Ah Ha, she got away, that one!
Never mind, old Priapus' son,
Tuck in your shirt
And try another task.

To a Friend Facing Blindness

To one who has lain alien
To himself so long
The coming of the night is fear itself.
The phantoms that may haunt him,
Maenad-like, afford him no repose,
And all of memory is loss.

To one who sets the eagle of his eyes
Upon the prey for which his talons quiver,
Remorseless in his quest,
In the fury of his dive, insane,
May well conceive the clouding of the light
A curse upon him
From the deep cerulean blue of godless sky.

But you, dear friend, fear not
If the night come.
It is not darkness.
And you are given light
To hear the sun go down
And the ocean turn from blue to purple wine.
In the cricket's tune you hear
The light of each new spring.
And we are blind
To that gift of song within.

REMEMBERANCE

Some cleave in fire
and some in snow.
You cling to terrors of the night
And I to griefs of dawn;
Strange bedmates all.
Lucky is the man
To whose rough narrows cot
Invites no vision to return;
Else every casement, corner, stairway,
Street he walked or image conjured
From a finger touch upon a bell
Wind about him like a shroud,
Better all reduce to ashes and to dust,
And celibate be as Caliban
Than in night sweat
All the daughters of remorse to tup.

BOTTOM OF THE CLASS

BOTTOM OF THE CLASS

Martin Walker

The Senior Tutor entered the room briskly. This was always the best part of the school year. The climate was delightful in late spring and the summer stretched ahead with mingled charms of rest and of anticipation. And before the long vacation began, there was the annual satisfaction of watching the final maturity of the young minds who had spent the last year in his care.

He gazed fondly over the class. Twenty eager, bright faces looked respectfully back at him. This year they were all fair. He remembered the quiet thrill of his first day as a teacher. That year they had all been redheads. Redheads were exciting, the dark haired classes were always mysterious and the blondes, this year as always before, were open and straightforward...

Firmly he checked himself in mid-thought. He had been about to think of them as manly, but that was not the attitude to take. He would really have to control these old-fashioned sentiments. This was the seventh class since The Progression. And the Unisex transformation had been an instant social success.

The class was waiting, but let them wait. His record was perfect, he could afford a little self-indulgence, a few moments to follow his own thoughts through to their inevitable balanced conclusion.

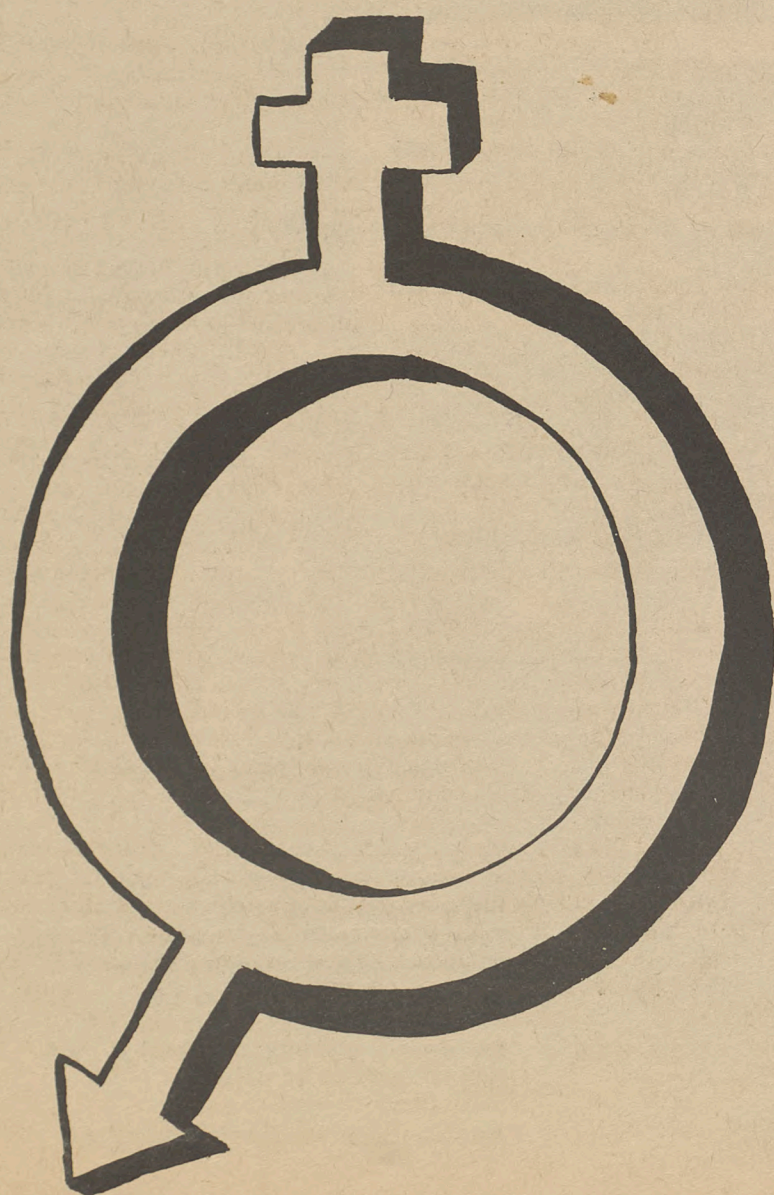
Looking back from the safe world of the present, it was horrifying to think how much time had been wasted, even in his own youth, upon those baser instincts. The ghastly ritual of it all: the agonies of shyness when meeting a member of the opposite sex who was both nubile and eligible. The dreadful stilted conversations and the final agonies of shame when one was alone, thinking over all that had been left unstammered.

He cleared his throat. What a blessing it was all over and all the energies of the younger generation could be turned to more productive and less embarrassing tasks. A gentle pleasure came into his eyes as he once more surveyed his class. All of them were safe - safe from the turbulent dreams that had haunted his own adolescence, safe from those sudden unfortunate impulses which were the result of passion. Only his affection for his class spared him from a twinge of envy.

The warmth of his feeling reminded him of his duty to the class. It was almost time for him to treat the pupils as equals. Why, he could begin now. His sonorous, worthy voice began to flow into the room like a stream of cooling, settling lava.

"It is not easy to be alone today - alone in the physical sense. And so we learn to welcome those rare moments when we feel such confidence in our company that we can stay silent, as I stayed silent when I entered this classroom. One can only enjoy the state of silence in the company of those whom one trusts. And after a year as your tutor, I feel that I can trust each one of you."

That was just the right note! They looked pleased and a little diffident, as though they had been undeservedly honored. But of course they did deserve his praise. This was the most respectful and responsive class he had ever known. He beamed at the modestly downcast heads.



"I was musing on the advantages of progress, advantages in which we may all take pleasure, even though we may not all take part. I am, as you know, a man, or what used to be known as man. I can well remember the passionate debates which marked that era when this enlightened society of ours took the decision to end the forced division between the sexes. That division you fortunate young people have never known, even though the debates which preceded its enactment are familiar to you all."

He saw the lips of young delta begin to move. His most industrious student. Let Delta recite again those lines they knew so well, those stirring, immortal lines...

"Delta," he said indulgently. "Come. Give us the peroration of Dean, that master of our time. The final debate in the House - we know that you have the speech by heart. Begin!"

Delta rose and began. A little hesitant at first as though humble before the words of the great orator. But as the speech progressed, Delta's back straightened. The firm young breasts were held with pride and the slim, slim hips began to sway slightly to the rhythm of the prose.

"That which is most obvious is ever that which is noticed last and that which oppresses us the most is ever the last to be thrown off. But the blinkers of sex are gone from our eyes. Science has given us the power and with the power comes the vision. We have had revealed unto us the dream of sex without penalty, without offspring or disease. We have met with mankind's finest dream, we can be confident of pleasure without penalty. The ancient scourges which supported an ancient morality are known no more."

"For some this is victory enough! For some this is progress. It was ever the curse of shrivelling humanity to be satisfied with half-measures. But let us strike at the root of our situation, let us ask ourselves whether this liberation of ours has performed for our advantage. Are we more content now that we have pleasure without penalty? Or are we still clinging to the edge of that ancient precipice of indecision - do we hang by our fingertips over the abyss of the future, too free to hang on and too enslaved to let go?"

"We have but solved half the problem. We have perceived that sex is the symbol of the paucity of the human condition. We have finally read aright the riddle of Genesis. Aye, sex is our jailer; sex is our master and sex our catastrophe. The ills of man began in the garden Eden. It was not knowledge that man was forbidden, but sex. Sex is the gnarled miser who hoards our lives, sex the hoary demon who affrights our nights and robs us of the solace of the days."

"It is not enough to control sex, to rob this menace of its ancient weapons. Sex may be disarmed without its power to multiply or disease. But sex disarmed is merely sex dormant, ready to rise again, preparing in its quiescence new plagues that will affright and dominate us once again. And even disarmed it holds us in its fevered grasp. We think sex, we feel sex, we anticipate sex, we remember sex."

"In the name of humanity let us now use our ultimate weapon against this scourge. We have the power to produce human beings in the aseptic dignity of the laboratory, rather than in the sordid agonies of the hospital. We have the power to create humans who are not marked from birth with the curse of sex. Let us grasp the body of this new potential with the courage that is the hallmark of our race. Let us liberate our inheritors. Let us free them from the burden of sex. Let there be Unisex; neither men nor woman, but people."

Delta's arms were widespread with the passion of the final words. The blonde head dropped and the young breasts seemed to soften as though drained by the energy of the speech. There was a long moment of silence as the arms fell slowly as a wilting flower.

And then the applause began. The Tutor's voice roared approval. "Bravo" he cried, "Bravo", as he staggered to embrace Delta. For a long moment they stood there, the dignified Tutor in the dark jumpsuit of the old, sexed folk and the radiant, exhausted young pupil in the pure white of Unisex.

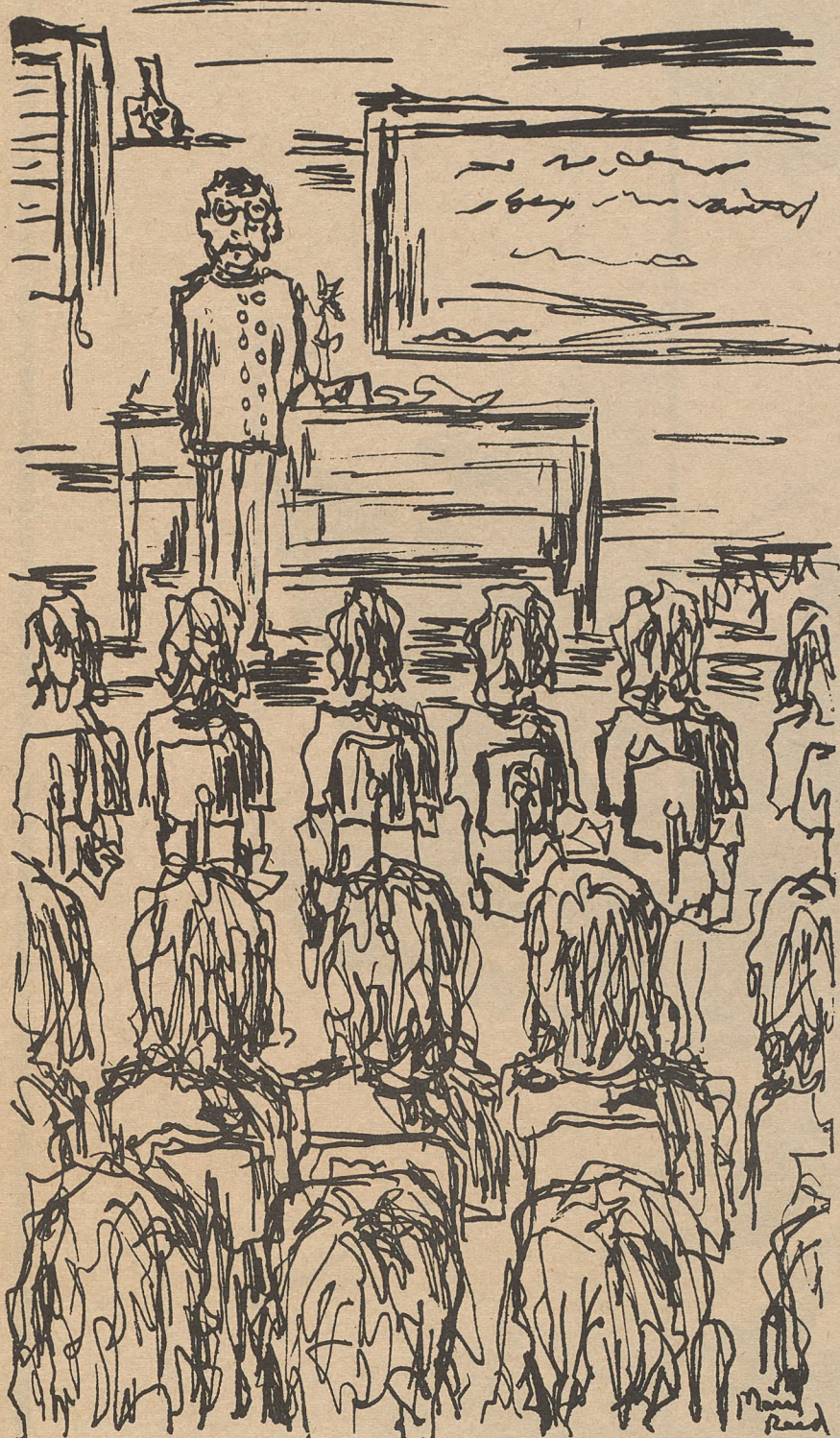
And then the class was upon them. Palms thumping their backs and the praise of fine young people ringing proudly in their ears. Cheers for their tutor and cheers for their fellow pupil as they thronged with the loyal energy of youth.

Delta raised a restraining hand and the class fell silent. The voice which had been rich and strong in the eloquence of the speech was now light and soft with humility and affection. He turned to the Tutor.

"Sir, you have moved us with your trust and loved us in your generosity. This year has been the finest of our lives. Even before today's happy occasion, the class had planned to honour you with a party. It is fitting to choose this opportunity to invite you to our post-graduation fest, but you Sir, more than deserve the honour of initiation."

The Tutor was stunned. To be invited to a fest, to the most private celebration of a class. This was honour indeed. The tradition of his own day had been rigorous, and he, poor shy, faltering youth, had not even been invited to the fest of his own class. And now to be so distinguished by his pupils. This was the moment that justified his entire career!

"My dear pupils", his voice broke with love and gratitude. "I am deeply honoured by this signal mark of your esteem and I will be delighted to attend your fest. And now let us dismiss for the day. I need some time to collect myself. You have moved me beyond words."



The Tutor walked to the window to hide the workings of his face. As the class filed out, chattering in anticipation of the fest, he saw through his moistened lashes their dim reflections in the glass. With what grace they moved, these trim creatures with their cropped hair and swelling breasts. Strange that he who had always been so fervent a disciple of Dean, the great Antisex, should feel such gratitude that the breasts had been preserved on aesthetic grounds.

At last they had gone and he was free to let his tears fall unhindered. He moved slowly into the room, his lax arms behind him as his fingers lightly moved over their desks. He sat down at Theta's desk. A fine young person! Without the industry of Delta, but a good spirit. Theta had been the first to cheer both him and Delta.

This was love, this moving, religious sense of communion with his fine young pupils. This was better than those confused and tragic affections for individuals he had suffered in his youth. This was the true love, the true goal of humanity. How he loved those children - children who were children no longer and whose deference to himself was based on the solid rock of respect and trust, not upon some ancient trapping of authority.

For many hours he sat there, this lonely ageing man who had suddenly perceived the glories of requited love. Love, that is, as it should be.

As the elevator ascended to Delta's home on the 494th floor, the Tutor had time to check his appearance in the full-length mirror which graced the small cubicle. His best jumpsuit, made by a London tailor when he celebrated his promotion to Senior Tutor. It concealed his growing paunch and made him look both active and authoritative. The greying hair was too short to need attention but he must keep his chin up, up, up. Unless he was very careful, his jawline sagged dreadfully, and the Tutor abhorred sag.

It was a little shaming to care for personal appearance now that the need for attractive plumage had passed. But it was a habit of the sexed folk. Sometimes it was hard to remember that society was still in transition, that over half the population was physically gendered. Only the young could ignore their own appearance. They were always neat, but never concerned about looking attractive. After all, there was no one to attract. But the Tutor lifted his chin all the same and the elevator finally came to rest.

How typical that it should be Delta who was to be the host of the fest. As revered by the rest of the class as by the Tutor, Delta had squared the circle of success and popularity. What a catch Delta would be for the right. . . "Silly, silly Tutor", he muttered to himself as he walked along the corridor. He really must control himself; he was becoming increasingly prone to these lapses.

The door was decorated with a sign which read "Welcome to the Fest" in gothic letters. The Tutor knocked firmly and lifted his chin again as the door opened. The room was bathed in red light and all twenty of the class were dancing in a huge circle.

The music was both gentle and disturbing, it smacked of dalliance but hinted at doom. What was it? Surely most unsuitable, but for a fest one never knew. . . The Tutor was trying to see who had opened the door but the whole of the class was still moving slowly in that great circle. He began to feel embarrassed when the chant began.

"Come to us, come to us" they whispered together. Nobody was looking at him but their voices grew louder. Soft but with a touch of hoarseness. Once there had been a word for it. What was. . . Merciful Dean! Seductive, their voices were seductive. The word spread in his brain as his feet took him unsteadily towards the circle.

Their smooth faces, gentled by the red light, seemed to croon to him along with the intonation of their voices. The music seemed to become faster and the circle broke, surely to admit him. His eyes were still not adjusted and the Tutor became unsure of his balance.

He put out a steadying arm and touched flesh. Firm young skin which flowed with vitality and glowed for him. Round, a shoulder, but the indentation. . . the protuberance, surely not. . .

The Tutor snatched his hand from Delta's breast. "You are naked" he gasped. "Where are your clothes?" His eyes took in the breasts which surrounded him. No surely, no more than. . . but the bodies were still flowing. He could not quite see. But it was not possible. Not in his presence. It had been programmed out of. . .

All of them totally naked, their vestigial penises hanging like an outside appendix. Cupids, but no, not so plump, more like those Greek vases, those few which had not been destroyed for their impure scenes, but beautiful, decidedly beautiful. How touching, this innocence of youth. His slow uncertain smile began to embrace them as all his confidence returned.

Their hands reached up to him as his jaw drooped into that benign look they knew so well. A forest of hands raised for him and he stretched out his own to bless them all as their voices sirened around him, "Join us, join us, come to us and join us. . ."

"My children, I. . ." Hands grasped his own, arms entwined around his legs, his thighs, his waist. "We love you, we love you", the voices were slow, slow and soft like a mother's. The words stretched out, not coming to his ears in a straight line from their smiling mouths but spiraling, rising and falling with their worshipping bodies.

Hands at his London-made suit, unfastening, caressing, exciting. "What are you. . . Be careful, my best suit. . . No, you must not."

He was naked among them, within them. Bodies under him to cushion him from the floor, bodies beside him, bodies over him, hands and faces, mouths and fingers caressing, spreading slowly and bathed in the red fire of light. Searching mouths stopped his frightened protests; tongues revelled in his ears and eyes, at his nipples and navel and mouths descended to. . .

Their weight was too great to throw off, their tongues filled his mouth, their lips smothered his hands. He could not move or speak or gesture but only lie there amid the bodies which writhed and loved upon his own.

His excitement mounted as guilt and lust combined to flame his dormant fires, and the fire of the light and the fire of their tongues to the fire that rose within himself and had never, never, never, NEVER. . . until now, been quenched.

The Tutor opened his eyes to see Delta's face pressed against his own. The familiar beloved voice was murmuring, each syllable a new caress, and still the hands upon him as he made out the soothing words. "We love you, we love you. Dearest man, we love you. You have joined our fest and joined our loving circle. Have we made you happy?"

The Tutor fought to control the renewed sensations of the fluttering fingers.

"Delta, what have you. . . Delta, my children do you not remember the words of our master Dean. Children. . ." The Tutor sobbed as his enslaved flesh responded to their loving hands. "What are you doing?"

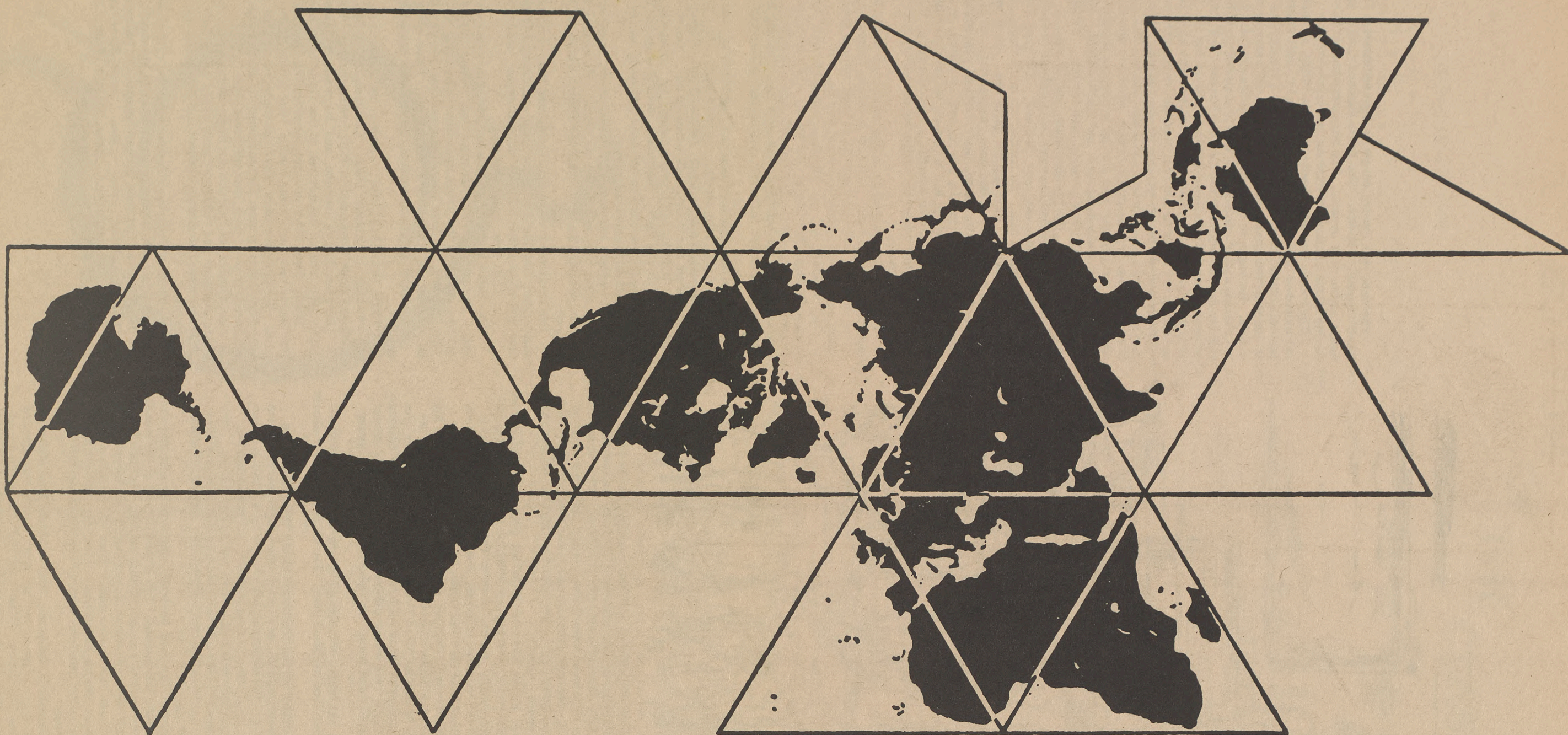
Delta laughed in his face, and the caressing class chuckled indulgently and pressed themselves to the Tutor in an enormous embrace.

"Dear, dear Tutor you are surprised by our fest. You are alarmed. But this is only our loving circle. We do this all the time. Every class does. We pleasure each other and since we are all made the same, we each know what is most pleasureable for all the rest. Perhaps it is different for you, with your different form. . ."

Delta broke off to trace his finger lightly down the Tutor's face and the forty hands and twenty tongues began again their subtle glad arousal as the waves of pleasure ebbed and flowed through the waning denials of his mind.

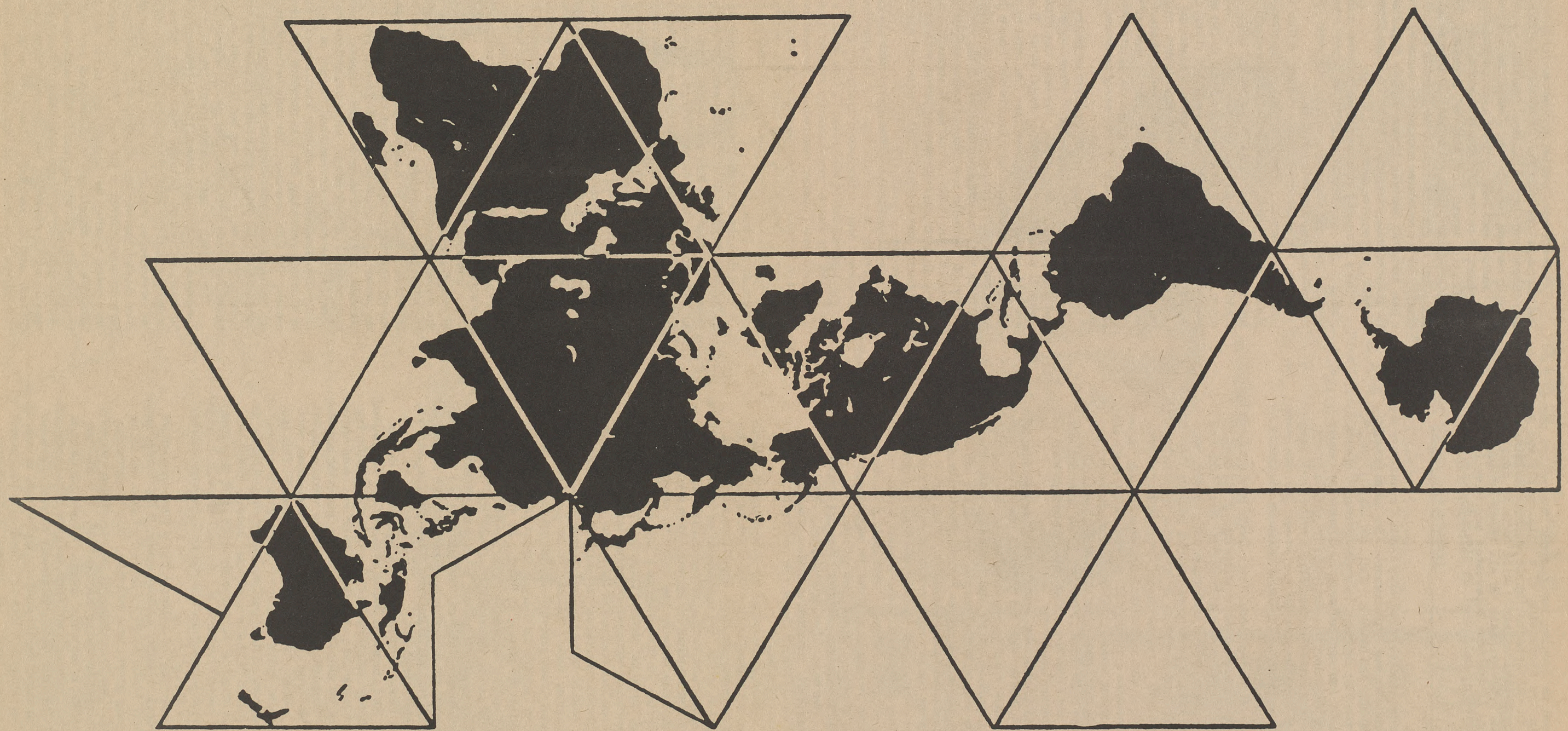
The Tutor was losing coherence but the call of duty made him fight to speak against the tongues that lapped in his mouth. His words darted out in syllable as his body arched beneath the inflaming hands.

"Delta. . . child. . . ren. . . you. . . must know this. . . this is the. . . en. . . slaver. . . the scourge. . . great master Dean. . . THIS IS. . . IT. . . THIS IS. . . SEX SEX SEX. . . sex. . . sex. . ."



ALL WE ARE SAYING IS GIVE EARTH A CHANCE

ALL WE ARE SAYING IS GIVE EARTH A CHANCE



Joel Jacobson is looking for serious interested people to assist in the production of a film. People who are interested in all aspects (music, editing, filming, costuming work, locations, etc.) will have an opportunity to work with professionals on all these aspects of film-making. If you are interested and wish to have more information, call Joel at 547-6425.

A Jerry Lewis press release from Jerry Lewis Cinema says that Jerry Lewis is a "twentieth century phenomenon like atomic energy, moonshot, heart transplants and hippies." Well, not exactly. That both overrates and underrates this little boy business tycoon, this humble egomaniac, this altruistic self-aggrandizer, this funnyfunny super-serious man. To write about Jerry Lewis is to flirt with failure; to condemn Jerry Lewis is to miss the point. Maybe he is really great. Maybe his forty fair-to-middling-to-good movies add up to one great one. Maybe he does those Muscular Dystrophy telethons because he really cares about crippled kids.

I prefer to believe all the best about Jerry Lewis because he makes all the worst so gloriously accessible. Certainly his Jewish comic's heartfelt vanity is not the world's best-kept secret. Nor is the love me-love me syndrome that may be a prerequisite for anybody who has the audacity to get up in front of people and try tricking them into laughter. But what seems extraordinary in his public appearances is his overwhelming eagerness to reveal himself from within, whether striking out at the heretics who seek to deny him immortality (mainly the press, whom he considers moronic, and "sophisticates, which also means phonies") or dropping names about the famous directors he knows ("Jean-Luc Godard and I have great regard for one another," he said at his Friday press conference. "I thought 'Hitch' went one step beyond with 'Psycho'," and I told him so. He said, "Whaddaya want me to do, shoot the whole picture over?").

It would be so easy to turn Jerry Lewis's words against him and make him sound, indeed, like the silly kid trying to play grown-up with the big guys. He brags about winning best-director-of-the-year awards in other countries, and speaks with pity for a domestic elite that has failed to recognize him satisfactorily, but you can feel the self-doubt behind this bluff. Jerry Lewis seeks some sort of grand vindication even though he is by any standard insanely successful. What would satisfy him? If every critic in the country said he was sorry? Probably not even that. Probably not even a coast-to-coast, 30-minute, primetime, national-holiday standing ovation. "I want to start a chain of eulogy shops," he said at the press conference. "You could go in there, and they'd read you what they're gonna say about you when you croak. I don't want to wait till I'm dead. I want to hear it now."

"I do care what the critics say. I'd like them and everyone else to like what I do. I've been called egomaniacal. But I enjoy proclaiming I have something. I wanted to write a song once. So I wrote a marvelous song--and I like to tell people about it. Why does that make me a bad man?"

Last Friday night, Jerry Lewis opened the American Film Institute's current "Cluster of Clowns" series with a 2-hour monologue (actually a question-and-answer session) about film comedy and Jerry Lewis, which, like it or not, are inseparable at least as subjects of conversation. One had to admire his professionalism and grace, his pacing of mood, his keen instinct for knowing when a laugh was needed (and, almost infallibly, knowing how to get it). When a question threatened to be boring, he turned it into a joke and then later, with uncanny command, could get another laugh out of the same bit by reprising it at a surprising moment. He seems terribly uninformed and insensitive to various tempers of the times (in the course of the day he made repeated references to "chicks" and "broad" and, in the afternoon, said he never dressed up in women's clothes to get laughs because, among other reasons, "I'm no gag") but within his own world, his business and professional sphere, his command of the filmmaking craft, he appears alarmingly expert and anxious to demonstrate his expertise. He struts, he boasts, he mimics. And best of all, he seems sincerely willing and able to talk to the people as fellow people, and not as the assorted riffraff who buy tickets and adore him. This does not really diffuse the adoration, but enhances it. Lewis has often spoken pompously of "The masses" and "the little people" who love his work, yet he maintains a rapport with ordinary mortals that seems in no real way fraudulent. They call him "Jerry", some of them, and he has earned it.

What makes Jerry Lewis most beautiful, though, is that he has the courage of a child. He is unafraid and he is essentially unashamed. He does not shy from honest vulgarity. He says that after "Little Big Man," "I wanted to go out and find a statue of Custer so I could urinate at it." He says that men get more handsome as they get older and that 24-year olds look like "suppository kits." He likes to make jokes, too, about people going to "the toity" and during one of his telethons, when handed a glass of beer, asked, "What's this--a specimen?" This is a gross daring that cannot be stifled even by his businessman success or his quest for superficial respectability among the intelligentsia. He is proud of what even he refers to as his "lowbrow" appeal. And it is, indeed, something to be proud of. It is comedy at its least disguised, comedy for the sake of comedy which is for the sake of us all. It scoffs at pretense and spits on sophistication. And you all know what another word for "sophisticate" is.

Whether Jerry Lewis might be a finer artist if there were more restraints placed on him is a rather useless query. If there were more restraints on him, Jerry Lewis would not be Jerry Lewis. At 45, he is still thought of by many people as a wild man. That is something special to be able to be. I am for risking all the errors and excesses to have Jerry Lewis running around unfettered. Sadly, it is his own skill as an entrepreneur that is his worst enemy. No one can laugh at a Bob Hope who is also a financial institution, bulwark of the Establishment, and, worst of all, defender of the insidiously corrupt, the exact opposite of what a clown should be. (In these paranoid days, of course, a pie directed toward der Fuehrer's face is immediately interpreted as being a bomb. And a bomb, well...). Comedy is lost when it forsakes the beloved ideal of anarchy. Then it betrays us and cheats us. Jerry Lewis has the trust of the young. I hope he never forgets it.

The perpetual ravaging of Shakespeare's words to find new titles for bad plays continues with "Fortune and Men's Eyes," a phrase crudely ripped from one of his most beautiful sonnets--one that, coincidentally enough, some believe Shakespeare wrote out of love for a boy. Tacked onto John Herbert's inconsequential play about brutality in prisons, it is considerably cheapened.

The play lasted for a while off-Broadway, then returned later in a San Francisco-born, Sal Mineo-directed sensationalized version. The voice of the author could be heard in the land denouncing this production for its escalated homoerotic posture. It was a bit of an oddity--a play allegedly decrying homosexuality in jail staged as a visual treat for homosexuals, complete with an on-stage shower rape and other incidental, provocative nudity.

One's sympathy with the author's cause in that instance was diminished by the fact that his play is not much to begin with, so little was spoiled. The rape scene was, in fact, the most jolting jolting thing about it--and that was Mineo's addition.

Now, for some incalculable reason, a film version has been financed and, indeed, released. It was incompetently directed by city-slicker Harvey Hart, whose lack of achievement is nothing compared to the negative contribution of cinematographer Georges Dufaux. This could be the worst photographed movie ever made. The fact that it was made in color is the first strike against it. But Mr. Dufaux has gone several better. He has compiled a list of visual clichés that seems positively all-inclusive. His aggravated close-ups combined with his erratic and unmotivated camera movements combined with his misplaced passion for shooting from behind whatever unimportant stuff is in any given room combined with his general inability to frame with any sense of purpose, other than a dull, distracted ersatz artfulness, all lead one to hope that he will never be armed with a movie camera and allowed to run loose again.

But the substance of the piece is as paltry as the style. Herbert's screenplay is another dead-end. When a play is as under-developed and characters as thin as this, the only way to save the property is to endow it with lots of redeeming social value. It makes a comment, we are told, on the inhuman conditions that exist in prison. The comment is: inhuman conditions exist in prisons. I have thus stated it almost as forcefully and perhaps as succinctly as Herbert does. But not even the most well-meaning morality tale in the world can use that shield to fend off aesthetic scrutiny. "Fortune and Men's Eyes," with its calculated comic relief and carefully strategic flashes of violence, clearly aims to entertain and amuse us even as it "alarms" our lazy consciences, but it fails at both, unless one is truly desperate for either diversion or guilt.

It is poorly played besides. Zooey Hall is inappropriate as Rocky, the tough bully of a certain cell. It is his physical appearance that works most against him--a Hollywood pretty-boy groomed for the youth market and apprenticed in television (a flop series called "The New People"). But his almost parodistically whisper-husky monotone is in league with that physical countenance to make credibility difficult. Similarly, Wendell Burton may be fairly convincing when he is the scared young thing busted for a little dope, but when required to turn mean himself and clobber Rocky in the shower, he is taxed beyond his means as an actor.

And then there is Michael Greer, chewing up them se-ment walls as Queenie, brought forth by the playwright at regular intervals to give us the laugh that only a sarcastic swish can inspire. Those infernal closeups are cruel to Mr. Greer's stagelocked performance--and it was embarrassing at the least to hear him tell an audience at the American Film Institute that he was "embarrasses" by the gayness of the role--but he, indeed, is the film's occasional salvation. He brings a little sunshine into our humdrum lives. When he, too, goes meanie, we are appreciably saddened.

The film's big obsession is men fucking other men in prison. From this film, we are led to believe that all homosexuality in prisons is the violent, rape-ish kind. The one boy who expresses something like love for another doesn't want that love tainted with anything so crude as sticky old semen, and this is supposed to prove to us his purity, as compared with the mad ass lusts of all the other men in the place. If this either unduly shocks or titillates you, "Fortune and Men's Eyes" may seem somehow revelatory, but otherwise, it appears pointless profiteering on a genuine social problem.

Curiously, Herbert has downplayed the corruption of the guards in transferring his play to the screen. Could this be, perhaps, because the producers of the film "gratefully acknowledge the co-operation of the Department of Justice and the Department of Public Works of the Province of Quebec"? Real prison guards play the prison guards--surely a paradoxical nod to realism if you are doing a film condemning the prison system and promoting reform. But "Fortune" is conscience-stricken only in the sense of a glib "expose" passed off as public service on the 6 o'clock news--false crusadism that, if anything, only obscures the deeper corruptions in order to exploit the obvious ones. If the film succeeded on another level, much of this could be forgiven, or at least overlooked. But it is mawkish and dopey as drama, and technically, the film is a mess. Not only is the photography wretched and the editing clumsy, but much of the dialogue has been re-dubbed (sound conditions in the prison where this was filmed were poor), with voices coming from every which way but the right one. Zooey Hall is so close-miked for much of the film that we can almost hear his heart beating.

The author is said to have spent time in prison, and we can thus assume a certain earnestness in his depiction of the horrors that go on there. An attempt to make this a wider comment on man's essential bestiality fails for lack of imagination--the convicts themselves leap into stereotypes that are not particularly believable. The film does not even muster the surface sincerity of the Warner Brothers social reform prison pictures of the early thirties. It appears, instead, to be very proud of being the splashy first movie on a hot new coffetable topic. We are encouraged to cluck-cluck over the conditions, feel slightly purified by our willingness to look such onerous details head-on (softened as they are by, among other things, Galt MacDermot's chummy music), and be rewarded for this effort with loads of nasty laughs from Queenie, who is essentially a new twist on the local wiseguy character of a zillion men-at-war and men-locked-up motion pictures.

Maybe the easiest remedy for the whole film would be to go back a little further in the Shakespeare quote that unwittingly gave it its title. We could call it simply "When In Disgrace," and leave it at that.

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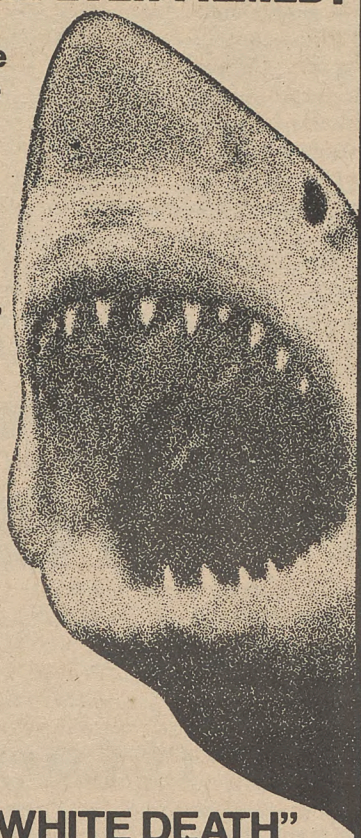
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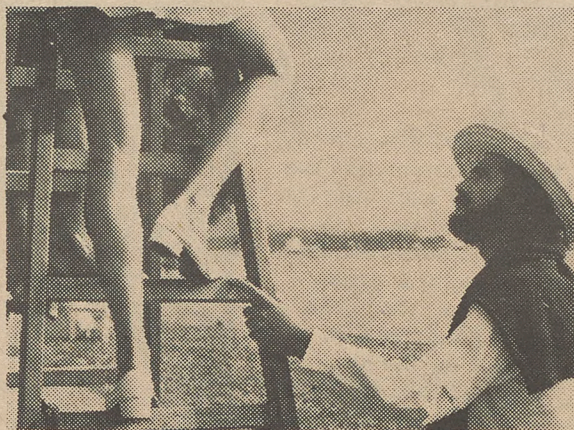
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Milt Jackson with the Ray Brown Big Band: Memphis Jackson (Impulse! AS-9193)

It has become increasingly difficult to find a "big Band" album that is done well. Most overwhelm the soloist and the listener with volume and indiscriminate blow-outs at curiously inappropriate moments. Not so in this case. The musicians seem well suited to one another; the soloists are respected and the band knows when to step in and lay back. Milt Jackson of the Modern Jazz Quartet is featured on vibes, conductor Ray Brown on bass, and a host of others solo on various tracks. All selections with the exception of one are swinging, straight ahead jazz pieces. Some are mellow, gentle; others are driving, up-beat. Harold Land does some fine tenor sax work, Howard Roberts shows up briefly adding a smooth, relaxed guitar riff, and Al Aarons does a gentle, muted trumpet solo. The one exception mentioned above is a repetition of "One Mint Julep" a piece done on Side One, and according to the liner notes "employing more of a 'today' rhythm section, whatever the hell that means." The apparent self-confidence of the musicians justifies the high quality of the music and makes this album a pleasure to listen to.

Hugh Masekela & the Union of South Africa (Chisa CS 808)

Hugh Masekela has a "sound"---but it cannot be pigeonholed. It has some rock, some jazz, but is not entirely either. He seems to play the trumpet with confidence. However, when one gets down to analyzing the basis for that confidence, one is hard-put to pinpoint the reasons. Of course, that doesn't mean that what one feels is false confidence or that he doesn't play the trumpet all that well. The only thing that I can suggest is that he found something that sounded good --- so he said to himself that he didn't care if people didn't know why it was good; he just wanted them to dig it 'cause it was right, not 'cause he blew the highest C or something. Now whether that was the actual process is questionable.

Without technical analysis, Hugh Masekela plays in a casual, often "devil may care" manner and is certainly not memorably consistent (his bridges from growling to darting to gentle notes are generally minimal, often non-existent). But in the end, he does consistently turn out some of the funkier music on record. With its simplicity and infectious rhythms it creates, lo and behold, a sound which is irresistibly danceable.

Masekela, Jonas Gwangwa (vocals--trombone), and Caiphus Semenya (vocals-alto sax) are all expatriates from the Republic of South Africa (formerly the Union of...). They have formed this group--The Union of South Africa. The vocal pieces utilize close harmony and some are in English. Others are done in their native African tongue, which is musical in itself; consequently, it comes out like the ultimate in scat-singing, and it doesn't matter much what all those lovely sounds mean.

All of the musicians seem to be playing with the same goal in mind. There is really some good piano work, and the drums and guitars fit in perfectly (unfortunately, no credit was given). The end result is that the sound is whole and raunchy and very good.

Howard Roberts: Antelope Freeway (Impulse AS-9207)

This is possibly the strangest album I've ever heard. Only about 50% of the two sides are music. The liner notes make no sense which is a pretty good indication of what to expect from the LP. A further warning is that although there is only one disc with the usual two sides, one is labeled Side One, the other... you guessed it--yup! Side Three. To further confound and mystify you, the names of the cuts: Side One--Antelope Freeway, That's America Fer Ya, Dark Ominous Clouds, De Blooz, and Sixteen Track Fireman; Side Three--The Ballad of Fazio Needlepoint, Five Gallons of Astral Flash Could Keep You Up For Thirteen Weeks, Santa Clara River Bottom, and Roadwork. In addition, The Firesign Theatre is thanked for their aid in the credits.

Howard Roberts is a guitarist who's been around for a long time. He's got a workshop out at Berkley. And he used to record for Capitol. That's all I could find out about him--apparently he is not well known on the East Coast.

This album is bizarre: on one hand it seems to be the musical baby of Andy Warhol and John Cage ("Is a truck more musical in a music school than it is in the street?"...or somethin' like that); but then Roberts and his friends throw us by inserting real live music--all kinds, to Rock, Blues, Jazz and even a touch of classical fer yew culture freaks. And the music is fantastic, not just good. Roberts plays guitar close to perfectly and his consorts are equally deserving. They are: Pete Robinson, Larry Knechtel, and Mike Wofford, keyboards; Bobby Bruce violin; Mike Deasy, guitar; Brian Garofalo and Max Bennett, Fender Bass; Bob Morin and John Guerin, drums.

There's one problem. The music is so fine that you wish there was more of it. I'm going out and trying to find some. But meanwhile, this album is worth its price if only for the few minutes of music on it.

Roy Haynes: Hip Ensemble--(Mainstream MRL 313)

Roy Haynes is a fine drummer. He has played with the best in jazz. This is his group; he is the leader and this is their first album although they've been around since May, 1969. Unfortunately, it doesn't come off as a particularly memorable album. I think part of the problem is that the material just kinda mashes around instead of coming out and doing something; I mean, create a mood, be gentle, be raunchy, swing or rock...but, damn, don't just float around in the air without affecting the listener. Haynes' drumming is never as dynamic as it could have been although it is fine never the less; Carl Schroeder plays some mighty fine piano but again it's never quite important enough; trumpeter Marvin Peterson starts out well on every cut but usually ends up getting bogged down by the music. The most interesting cut on the LP is "I'm so High" which involves some complexity of rhythmic and harmonic patterns. But really there's not much to sink your teeth into. I just hope that they can find some really good material because the talent is definitely there.

Pharoah Sanders--Thembi (Impulse!--AS-9206)

It seems that Pharoah Sanders cannot make a solo album without taxing the listener with his sonorous musical (?) experiments. Although I admire his refusals to cater to the "average listener" if he feels that it would reduce the quality of his music, I cannot help regretting that with all of his solo sides in the past two years, I have the irrepressible urge to lift the needle off the record at one point or another. I might be persuaded to forgive him if only he would reduce the length of these experiments.

The new LP is a step in the right direction. Only the second band on Side One is offensive to my ears. For those who are fortunate enough to have access to a tape recorder, I would strongly recommend taping the album minus this second cut. If you do so you will have an uninterrupted tape of highly successful and extraordinarily beautiful music. If it helps any I might add that one of the two "farthest out" attempts has succeeded in every respect. Although there are compositions by Lonnie Liston Smith (who plays piano on the album) and Cecil McBee (bassist supreme) as well as Pharoah, they work together as a cohesive unit. The total musical experience is far more than mood setting...the musicians have undertaken to transport you, the listener, to the deepest jungles of Africa, leaving enough room between notes to let you explore its mysteries...and they have succeeded in every possible way. Cecil McBee does incredible things with his bass--somewhere among its strings he finds other instruments, even birds and other mysteries. Lonnie Liston Smith is a superb pianist and composer. Even Pharoah disciplines his sax this time and we are treated to pure talent and the essence of the mystical aura which surrounds him.

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ROCK NOTES

It's hard for local musicians to try and retain their individuality and still be able to work on occasion. A case in point is a duo who call themselves Beastly Times (but who are in reality the brothers Cheyfitz). They've worked a couple of the clubs in town (JAMF, now closed; Tammany Hall and several others) on and off, but it seems that mostly now they play for their friends, or at free concerts (they played the HUELGA Strikers' Benefit with people like Odetta and Anthony Quinn). The brothers write their own material, and for the most part it is very honest, home-grown music. Their themes deal with real people and if there are flights of fancy, they exist within the realm of daydreams, and escapes. Both Cheyfitz's play guitar and both sing. There is a roughness to their voices that very well fits the material they present. It's too bad more places don't take chances with acts like this. To hear them, they had to come over to a friend's apartment. It would be so much nicer to hear them in a club.

Ron Marinian has a very difficult job--to make people laugh. To make things even harder, he insists on using his own material. Luckily, he has made tremendous strides in a very short time, and, as they say, "shows great promise". Maybe being a comedian is one of the hardest things in the world, because you have to make people laugh even if there is pain in your own head or heart. It takes guts to stand up there in front of people with nothing but wits and reflexes, no instrument to hide behind. Ron has been at it for some time now, and even some of his hostile friends (I really think a comedian has to fear his friends most) have been amazed at the speed with which he is improving his act. You can catch him every Sunday at the Cellar Door hoots, and often he does guest sets at places like Clyde's. Our new comedians always come from somewhere, and there have not been too many from this area; here's an opportunity to watch one grow.


Donal Leace has been a mainstay of the Washington music scene for eight or nine years now, and it's been fun to watch his growth, too. Now bolstered with a recording contract from Atlantic Records (he already has two albums out, though they are fairly old), he has continued to expand and experiment, and most of all to entertain. Coming off a two-week gig with Dick Gregory at the Cellar Door, he returns to Mr. Henry's in Georgetown, where he will be appearing indefinitely. Donal is perhaps one of the most qualified people to spin a mood of quietude and gentility. His sets relax the listener, and serve to entice that listener into the various messages that come from the songs Donal has chosen to work with---from newer ballads to old folk-tunes like "Circus In The Cradle". Being blessed with both excellent stage presence and a superb voice (which so subtly reaches those extreme ranges in "Old Blue"), Donal Leace has worked alone, with a backup guitarist, a mellow folk-rock group, and on several occasions, that superb bassist Terry Plumieri. In each case, he has worked casually with each component, and it's obvious that he can create that necessary musical empathy with whomever he needs to. Stop on by Mr. Henry's and check it out yourself, it's a very worthwhile way to spend an evening.

Something to look forward to on July 15 is the appearance of virtuoso organist Virgil Fox at Constitution Hall in an all-Bach program. Fox is the man who rocked the Fillmore East into classical awareness, and I assume he is intending to do the same here. Fox operates on the principle that Bach is beautiful, but unless presented properly, very often becomes a boring experience. So if you're open to the passionate Bach, truck on down.

As usual, there have been free concerts each Sunday down at the P Street Beach (22nd & P, NW). Featuring mostly local groups, the concerts have been very successful so far, with bigger and bigger crowds participating every week. Among the fine groups, two have particularly stood out, to the extent of making two appearances in the first four concerts. GRITS, which keeps getting better and better, particularly in its vocals, has been keeping good vibes in the air. Hopefully, we will have a story on them in the next issue, so for now suffice it to say that they have been playing excellent music. Also, CRANK, with Bless back in the group, have been laying down their very particular, strong brand of rock and blues. (we'll also have a story on them soon).

Loudon Wainwright III--I can remember eight years ago when we would sit around up in New York State and strum guitars and sing silly songs like "Sloop John B" and "Banana" (The Kingston Trio was still big then). Well, Loudie went his way and I went mine, and when I ran into him at the Cellar Door a few months ago, after his first album on Atlantic was already out, I knew how much the years had changed him, matured his tastes, and turned him into a highly original and unique writer-performer. Now, I can't really think of a simple way to describe Loudon's music---his themes are incredibly simple, but he has the ability to sneak in some very heavy themes by the subtle thrust of a single word or phrase. His whining voice certainly has a bit to do with the ambivalence we feel sometimes as to whether he is singing a straight song or putting us on. Some of that comes across on his new album, LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III: ALBUM II (again on Atlantic). There is one song that would stand out in any company, the oh-so-right "Motel Blues". But there is other material on which we should spend out time--"Be Careful, There's A Baby In The House" for one. A fascinating album, and a fascinating future, because now Loudon is married to a girl named Kate, they live in England and make music on streetcorners together (she plays a lovely fiddle and sings a beautiful blend with Loudon). May the next album capture this element of truth, too.

Upcoming concerts: JETHRO TULL & Yes (July 11) at Alexandria Roller Rink; MOTHER EARTH & The Doobie Brothers (July 24); HEAVY ORGAN with Virgil Fox (July 15); The Cellar Door has Kris Kristofferson (July 4-10), Johnny Rivers & Budgie (July 12-17), Spencer Davis/Peter Jamieson & Sageworth & Drums (July 18-24) and Tom Paxton (July 26-31)



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COUNTERNOTES

An album like MARVIN, WELCH & FARRAR (Capitol ST-760) is the kind that might easily escape your notice unless somebody played a cut from it for you. And then you'd probably know that you wanted to hear the whole album. Marvin and Welch used to be part of Cliff Richards' Shadows, but in their union with Farrar, the sound they have devised comes closer to the roots of the Springfield or CSN&Y. One thing, quickly—they have a tremendous sense of harmony that far surpasses CSN&Y (it really stands out on "Wish You Were Here"). The voices throughout the album are very strong and up forward, backed mostly by acoustic guitar, crystalline guitar work that we usually associate with and expect from people like Steve Stills or studio people like Bruce Langhorne. "My Home Town" exists, with its lyrics about the ugliness of the city, in direct counterpoint of the beauty of the melody. "Brownie, Kentucky" and "Faithful" are other lovely acoustic cuts, and even those cuts that go electric are tastefully done. A most excellent album, this, and a group to certainly keep an eye on.

Maybe you have to have a low threshold for pain to get into Leonard Cohen albums. His latest, SONGS OF LOVE AND HATE (Columbia C 30103) is very much like his other two albums, perhaps a slight bit more somber. The difference is the use of fairly sensitive orchestral arrangements by Paul Buckmaster, arrangements that sort of frame Cohen's often monotonous voice. Of course, when you listen to a poet singing, your emphasis should be falling upon the words, beyond the music, and here Cohen is at his usual gloomy self. Two cuts stand out: "Last Year's Man", which has a very haunting melody, and "Diamonds In The Mind" which is much more uptempo than the usual Cohen cut and feature some distinctive vocal support from the distaff side. Still, if you can't get beyond the poetry, repeated listenings will make the album grow on you.

I thought the Holy Modal Rounders had broken up, but maybe not. At least, they have a new album out, appropriately titled GOOD TASTE IS TIMELESS (Metromedia MD 1039). Now, the Rounders have never really made it big, though their fans tend to be very fanatical. Their music relies heavily on a certain craziness best exemplified in two songs on this album: "Boobs A Lot", at the risk of offending women, is a ridiculously funny song with lyrics like "Do you like boobs a lot/yes I like boobs a lot/Boobsalot, boobsalot/You gotta like boobs a lot/... down in the locker room we boys beating down the locker room with all that noise/Singin' do you like boobs a lot..." all this done in mock 50s rock-bop. Then there is the song with "I took a drink/Then I fell down in the sink/The whole world oughta go on a vacation." The Rounders can also be delicate ("Love Is The Closest Thing" & "Generalonely") and folk-mystic as in the very fine "Spring of '65", the story of a strange occurrence that almost seems real. This is basically a fun album, though, and it's nice to get away from deep meanings and heaviness.

Taj Mahal's newest album is a double job titled THE REAL THING (Columbia C30619). Real indeed, recorded live at the soon-to-be-dead Fillmore in New York, the album captures the funky country-flavored blues that have made Taj Mahal one of the most successful blues advocates now working. Some of his material is drawn from such illustrious predecessors as Sleepy John Estes and Blind Willie Johnson, but for the most part it comes from his own experience—songs with titles like "Going Up To The Country" and "Paint My Mailbox Blue" and "You Ain't No Streetwalker Mama, Honey, But I Do Love The Way You Strut Your Stuff". Continuing his evolution, Taj Mahal used a strange brass section (4 tubas) and such sidemen as John Simon (piano) and John Hall (guitar) and uses electric and acoustic guitars, banjo and harp. The album is downright funky, with the best cut titled "Ain't Gwine To Whistle Dixie (Any Mo')", which really lies closer to jazz than to the blues. It's the kind of cut that very sneakily catches you in its melodic rhythm.

John Baldry's IT AIN'T EASY (Warner Brothers 1921) is as much of a thank you from some of his former musical friends as it is a good rockin' album. Each side was produced by a great force—Rod Stewart on one side, Elton John on the other. I personally like the Stewart side best (ironically the highlight of the John side is the Stewart song "Fly-ing"). Stewart manages to impart the same raunchiness that makes the Faces move, to such songs as the traditional "Black Girl" (which has a fine backup from Maggie Bell of Stone The Crows), the Ray Davies hit which gives the album its title, and others. Baldry, Long John as he is better known, has one of those voices you'd expect from a man six and a half feet tall, and he uses it well. Besides the strong singing, his opening rap turns you on to what he can do before he has sung a single note. It's right on title: "Don't try To Lay No Boogie Woogie On The King Of Rock and Roll."

Link Wray? Far out, really, cause he did a lot of things out of this area and we should welcome him back, cause he's been down in Accokeek, Maryland, getting his head together, burying "Rumble" and "Jack the Ripper" and coming up with a good and gentle brand of country funk, writting terse and beautiful songs like "Fallin' Rain" and "Black River Swamp" (what a single that would make!). The years in Accokeek have had a wondrous effect—no more hard, twangy guitar—the guitar now used in a better context, as a part of the unified whole (brothers and friends back him up). There's also feelings of white country spirituals, I guess, really, a prevailing straightforwardness that is all over the album. I really dug it, and I think we might all be open to the new Link Wray. (on Polydor).

Janis Ian's PRESENT COMPANY (Capitol SKAO-683) is a very fine album and a definite move forward by a composer-performer who has given us some of our strongest social portraits. It's been a little while since her last album, and in that time, both her voice and her musical conceptions have developed a more encompassing attitude. Having a producer like Jerry Corbitt can help, but still the general construction of the songs and the fullness of her delivery are marked improvements. Her themes continue to be the search for truth and happiness and love, the retelling of experience, the exposition of dreams and hopes. I really feel positive things about this album. Janis Ian is obviously no longer the teenage prodigy—listen to songs like "He's A Rainbow", "Alabama" "Can You Reach Me" and you'll see what I mean. Nice to have her back.

Most of the albums I've heard which utilize Moog synthesizers have been lacking a sense of beauty, a sense of melody. I've found in Tonto's Expanded Headband/ZERO TIME (Embryo SD-732) an album that goes against this norm. There are six compositions written by and performed by Robert Margouleff and Malcolm Cecil for an expanded Series III Moog. Four of the songs ("Cybernaut", "Timewhys", "Aurora" and "Tama") are melodic adventures—"Cybernaut" being a particularly jaunting piece, while another cut, "Jetsex" reminds me of the moog section in the Mick Jagger film, "Performance". "Riversong" is the only cut with words, though these too are reproduced through the moog (a very eerie effect). Best cut, though, is the hauntingly sad and mournful "Tama", for which I've already written a film script. A piece of music has got to be something to elicit that kind of reaction. An altogether fascinating album.

Clive Starstedt's FREEWAY GETAWAY (RCA LSP4509) is a commendable first album from this younger brother of Peter. Clive's songs range from songs of love and loneliness to songs of violence and revolution. He is appropriately mellow in dealing with the former and sufficiently hard, though not overbearing, in his dealings with the later. He has touches in his music of the Kinks (particularly on "Into Your Station" and the album's title cut.) Some of his phrasing is a cross between Elton John and the Incredible String Band. Maybe that's a bad analogy because he is really, for the most part, innovative, and certainly not imitative. A good album, with "I Can Hear Something" and "Six Feet Under" being other good cuts. The songs with the least instrumentation (extra) are the ones I enjoyed best.

RCA's INDIAN SUMMER (Neon NE3) is not the most highly original band I've ever heard, but they do play a very competent, full-bodied rock that centers around the fluid guitar work of Colin Williams. One of the better features of the album is that each of the eight cuts runs over 5 and a half minutes, giving the record some of the longest playing time I can remember recently. All four musicians are more than competent, but their music is for the most part seemingly only a step in the direction that they want to go, a direction that promises much. A sound album, nonetheless... (they apparently survived a lot of gigs with Black Sabbath in England, so they must have character.)

For too many years, Gordon Lightfoot has been gliding on the surface of fame and acclaim. His latest album SUMMER SIDE OF LIFE (Reprise 2037) should solidify his direction as upward. I've always considered him one of the best writers around—with such as Dylan, Tom Paxton and Eric Anderson. His music has always retained a very essential folk flavoring, and even when his songs deal with the confusion of cities and other modernities, Lightfoot's strength has been his appraisal of the inherent goodness of people in general. And his superb voice certainly helps his material. As always, no bad songs, and several particularly high spots—"Cabaret", a sort of timeless mini-portraiture; the strength of love on the ballad "Miguel"; the resigned understanding of "Talking In Your Sleep". Maybe Lightfoot has finally arrived. He's deserved to right from the start.

SAVAGE GRACE 2 (Reprise 6434) is a much harder effort than their first album. This Detroit based band is apparently becoming more influenced by Detroit's hard nature. That is not to say that there are not quiet moments—like the lovely little interlude titled "Elana". But for the most part the music is rough and raunchy. "Yonder" could easily have been the Stones three or four years ago. Most of the songs revolve around a very set pattern—chording running against the beat, with emphasis on vocals, then room for individual instrumental stretching out. Lead guitarist Ron Koss is in the Lesle West school (as a matter of fact, that's who the group reminded me of in spirit). One little deviation though—the melody of "Macon, Georgia" does sound like a direct steal from "The Weight", at least to me, it seems. Otherwise, a good album, very hard.

I usually mark songs on a new album that I particularly like. In reviewing ROGER TILLISON'S ALBUM (Atco SD 33-355) I was wary of doing so because a friend had highly recommended it and I didn't want to mark up the whole album. I ended up doing so anyway. Basically, Tillison's style falls into that area of country music and country funk that is guiding a lot of people, rock-pop fans, into an awareness of country music in general. The cuts, mostly by Tillison, but including songs by Dylan, Robbie Robertson and Woody Guthrie, are straightforward, dealing with love, not the illusion, but the reality; dealing with simple people living that particular life style that provides the core of country music—"bright lights and city lights soon got to his mind... he got to thinkin' he could fly" Tillison's easy going voice and acoustic guitar are superbly supported by the likes of Jesse Davis on electric & bottleneck guitar, Larry Knechtel (organ), Jim Keltner on drums. Nashville comes to Los Angeles, citified but oh so strong. Best cuts: "Good Time Gal", "One Good Friend" and "Just Before the Break of Day".

Alice Stuart's FULL TIME WOMAN (Fantasy 8403) is an expository album—it exposes deep feelings and insights into this particular woman's growth and experience. Most of the songs are about love or self-awareness, and her character comes off the album as strong and together. She is doubly, triply blessed with a fine voice, a good sense of word flow in her lyrics, and a fine control over her guitar (additionally she is backed by fine studio people on various cuts). Every cut is excellent, with "He Wrote Me A Letter", "I Lose Control", "Freedom's The Sound" and "Natural Woman" particularly standing out. Given a little exposure, I'm sure Alice Stuart will become not just another fine and popular female singer, but a major artist whose worth will carry above the still too prevalent sexism of the music industry (which never seems to push its distaff product as strongly as the male counterpoint). Fantasy has delivered a fine gift to our ears.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND (Sire SI04901) is a good follow up to their previous album, though once again, it is a little too uneven. When the band sticks to their basic blues, the music is very good; when they move out into more rock-ish stylizations, they don't get the same strength. The album starts out with a good acoustic guitar cut, "Country Hot", and then quickly gets into heavy rock-blues with "Everyday" and "Reap What I've Sowed", and then an instrumental "Brief Case" (a number which has the most distinctly Climax Band sound on the album). Throughout all the other cuts on the album, the sax and harmonica work of Cloin Cooper and the guitar work of Peter Haycock are excellent. The arrangements of the songs are well thought out, neither too short nor too long (as is the tendency with many blues bands). This is definitely a British blues band, if you know what I mean, but it's a good one.

When Clark-Hutchinson's album RETRIBUTION (Deram DES-18055) gets away from its attempts to be either heavy or paying homage to Hendrix's style ("Best Suit"), they can play some good music. The opening cut, "Free To Be Stoned" is sort of fun (though it doesn't do much to create a better image for stoned freaks). The next cut, the longest one on the album, is titled "After Hours" and is an instrumental which allows keyboarder Andy Clark and guitarist Mick Hutchinson to stretch out with two shifts of long solos. It is basically a jazz cut, and Clark does some nice work, spending most of his time in the upper register, sort of like Oscar Peterson, only not quite as fluid. Hutchinson gets a long solo in "Best Suit" and comes off well. I kept detecting Hendrix, especially in the vocals, and it threw me off a bit, but there is some very good instrumental solo work on this album.

I don't know why Mike Heron wanted to make his own solo album so badly. I mean, the most workable parts of SMILING MEN WITH BAD REPUTATIONS (Elektra EKS-74093) are the most thematically and musically similar to his work all these years with the Incredible String Band: songs like "Flowers of the Forest" and "Spirit Beautiful", with lyrics like "Glow little spark, glow brightly in the embers of dying fire/See the people come running to their windows/what manner of lightning this." Not all the songs follow this vein of course. "Call Me Diamond" features the driving alto work of Dudu Pukwana (who is something of a legend in England); four of the cuts feature the mystical John Cale (once of the Velvet Underground) on piano-harmonium, viola and other sundry tools. And maybe, on the heavy rock-ish "Warm Heart Pastry", the back up group is the Who, Maybe? I still prefer the unity of ISB, but you can't fault an individual for seeking his own goals. A mixed uneven album, with several fine moments.

I guess Rare Earth (the label) is going to keep its reputation of putting out "heavy" groups; the group whose name is the same as the label, Toe Fat, and now SUNDAY FUNNIES (Rare Earth RS--526). From the first cut, "Walk Down the Path of Freedom", I knew it would be a heavy album. And I was right. From the heart of Deee-troit (at least for inspiration) this group sounds like Procol Harum would after they've been living in Ann Arbor for 3 years and been driven deaf (tone-deaf) by the MC-5. Not that the music is bad. It is clear and consistent, and also aimed at a crowd I can only describe as "the bubble gum trade grows up". It's competent Detroit rock. If your head is in Detroit. (I never really write bad reviews, so this is not intended to be one. I know a market exists for the record, so I have to try and consider beyond whether I personally like it or not. Right? And there's a lot of good product out that I get into anyways. Confessions of a reviewer, chapter 63.)

I get the feeling that Status Quo is a British band and that their album, MA KELLY'S GREASY SPOON (Janus JLS-3018) came a little too early, cause there are some very fine cuts on it, but also several which seem to be there just to fill out the album. As it is, the band sets down a very straight funky blues (several cuts do Canned Heat-style boogie that shows that other group up as what they are- second-rate). Among the good cuts are "Spinning Wheel Blues", "Shy Fly", "(April) Spring, Summer and Wednesdays" and "In My Chair". The last three are the best commercial bets, songs based on a solid bass-guitar coda, followed by vocal passages, then repeats of the coda. One complaint, as usual there are no identifications, and sometimes the vocalist sounds like Donovan gone hard. It's a good album and we should know a little more about the album's people. Good rock.

BERT SOMMER (Buddha BDS5082) is a bit on the commercial side, but it does serve as a focusing point on Sommer's quite pleasant voice. As so often happens, this album is occasionally overproduced (I guess the real problem is that when you see someone whose records you dig, you are disappointed when the sound is radically different.) Anyway, Sommer (who I think is an ex-star of "Hair") sings songs that reflect a most positive attitude--he is for peace, love and understanding---it's all reflected in the song titles: "Stick Together", "Love Is Winning", "People Got To Be Free", "The People Will Come Together", etc. The arrangements are made so as to frame his voice, which, of course, is all he really has. But that's cool, because he gets good support from good studio people like Ron Frangipane and Hugh McCracken. The hit single, "Me And the Sunshine" is on the album.

The second Hot Tuna album which may or may not be titled FIRST PULL UP, THEN PULL DOWN (RCA LSP-4450) is better than the first album because now the band is wholly electric and has been working together for well over a year. Everybody knows that Casady and Kaukonen of the Airplane are in it, but equally important are Papa John Creach on violin, Sammy Piazza on drums and Will Scarlett's harmonica. Jorma sings what little vocalizing there is on the album--actually the vast majority is instrumental, from the swing-style "John's Other" to the folk-blues "Candy Man" to the semi-spiritual "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning". It's hard to believe that Papa John played in dance bands so long; he really gets it on. Jorma's guitar work is pretty good, and overall this album pulls it all together, that essence that was only touched in the first album.

RUNT. THE BALLAD OF TODD RUNDGREN (Ampex A 10016) is a much more mellow and gentle work than his first solo album. As a matter of fact, a nice change of pace from the hectic stream of albums that have been coming out lately. Rundgren, who was the soul of Nazzy, has been doing his solo trip for a while, and he's getting it together. Except for "Parole" and "Long Flowing Robe", which is almost mournful and just this side of maudlin, I have three favorite cuts--"The Ballad (Denny and Jean)" (which, besides capturing some very real moments, has a fascinating structure), "Wailing Wall" (which is a beautiful evocation of loneliness) and "The Range War", (which is terrible C&W, but pretty music). I don't think this album's as interesting as the first one, but it's a good collection of pretty, commercial songs.

A Dutch Credence Clearwater Revival? That's basically what the MAILER MACKENZIE BAND (Ampex A-10014) is. This Dutch quartet actually does Clearwater almost better than Clearwater. The only trouble is that they're obviously not singing in their native tongues, and it does slightly affect the "soulfulness" of their interpretations. They do mostly their own songs, and as I say, the Credence influence is Supreme. As a matter of fact, there are times you really couldn't tell the difference, except that Mackenzie gives a little more weight to the guitar than Credence. So I guess if you like Credence, you'll like this album too.

Graham Nash's solo album is appropriately titled SONGS FOR BEGINNERS (Atlantic SD-7201). That's not intended as a put-down. It's a lovely little album. Of the four members of C, S, N&Y, his album shows the least influence of the group. The structures of the songs are extremely simple throughout the album, and my only complaint is that some of the cuts are overproduced. For instance, "Simple Man" is a very simple song and more feective that way, yet just as he sings "and I play a simple tune", the violins break out, like acne, and they really intrude, particularly in counterpoint to the nice solo fiddle in the song. The hit-bound "Chicago" is on the album, but the best songs remain "A Simple Man", the time-encompassing "Military Madness" (shades of John Lennon) and a very fine cut titled "There's Only One", which has both an enticing melody and some good continued use of rhyming words. Hopefully, not a heavy album, just a very pleasant experience. (One pet peeve... none of the sidemen are identified.)

Maybe it's not really going out on a limb to say that Rod Stewart is the most exciting white singer working in rock right now. All his own solo albums on Mercury and his albums with the Faces on Warner Brothers are gems. His newest solo album is appropriately titled EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY (Mercury SRM 1-609). Stewart has both a unique voice and a unique approach-- sort of high-class funk. Rod's buddy from Faces, guitarist Ron Wood (perhaps one of the most underrated stylists around) is very noticeable guiding all the music behind Stewart, with the help of drummer Mickey Waller and keyboarder Peter Sears. Besides writing three great songs himself (of which "Maggie May" and the pounding title cut particularly stand out), Stewart's genius comes out in what he can do with essentially-folk tunes like Hardin's "Reason To Believe" and Dylan's "Tomorrow Is Such A Long Time": just that he brings fire and soul to all his music and his albums are among the easiest to keep listening to over and over. There's a bout 40 minutes of amazing music on this album (including a beautiful little version of "Amazing Grace" with excellent slide work).

Bo Diddley, who is a really good man, has produced an album that shows another side of this classic rock man. Rightfully called ANOTHER DIMENSION (Chess CH50001), it focuses on Diddley the singer, the interpreter of writers like John Fogerty, Elton John, Robbie Robertson and Al Kooper. There are three Credence songs: "Lodi", "Bad Moon Rising" and "Down on the Corner", the last cut being done so much better than the original. Kooper's "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know" has a very similar arrangement to B, S&T, and really points up Diddley's strong voice. I had never realized that he had such a good voice, because his style was always up front, that was the thing you noticed. There are still two cuts of the old Diddley--"Pollution" and "I Said Shutup Woman"---you're bound to know the kind. Anyways, it's another direction for this cat, who has laid down some basic roots for rock and roll, and is now obviously branching out a bit.

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Olympic Art Poster



Olympische Spiele München 1972

"IS ARAKAWA THE ARTIST OF THE FUTURE?"

Everything I've read proposes that indeed he will be. Arakawa is a prophet and he predicts both near future and the untouchable realm. Some call him a conceptual artist, that is, one in who's product the value of the whole does not equal the sum of its parts. Arakawa's work is certainly concerned primarily with the "immaterial" idea, but the visual end in an integral part of the concepts: thus the means and the end seem equally important. Arakawa is concerned, to paraphrase Jerry Bowles' article in *Art News* (May, 1971), with the idea of nonsense, or the logic of the unreasonable. He is a storyteller with a great deal to say, but even when the message is not clear, the medium is extraordinary visual entertainment.

Arakawa is consciously attempting to formulate a logical system to create illogic. He does not simply seek non-reason through his art, he actively inquires into "the basic principles and methods of knowing the rules of logical reasoning, the grounds for possible inference, intuition, self-evidence, evidence, the nature of observation." (Bowles, *Art News*, May 1971)

Shusaku Arakawa was born in 1936 in Nagoya City, Japan. He graduated from Musashino University in 1958 after studying medicine and math---influences which are profoundly evident, in his work. In 1961, he moved to New York and that year he exhibited in "The Adventure of Modern Art" Exhibiton, the National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo. Shows in the following years indicated that Europe accepted the young artist more readily than the U. S. Arakawa is the artist whose feature length film "Why Not" was the "succes scandale" of this year's New American Film Makers Series at the Whitney Museum in New York. The Village Voice called it "hypnotic, compulsive, claustrophobic, bathed in a cold pervasive eroticism."

Arakawa's silkscreens and prints entice the viewer to interpret, to form associations; the spectator jumps in with both feet, which is exactly what Arakawa wants him to do--even needs him to do in order to prove his point.

"I am concerned with the idea of nonsense. And what possible logic do statements like 'A Line Is A Crack' or 'Smell This' or 'This May Suddenly Start To Expand' have when stenciled on a grey canvas, surrounded by seemingly unrelated objects, photographs or scraps of material? Yet one persists in looking for hidden meanings."

Some of the screenprints in the Fendrick Gallery are on shiny silver mylar, and they conjure up the symbols of the modern mechanical age with its effort to produce quantity without sacrificing quality, but having, instead, succeeded in producing masses of low-grade, reproductions, sterile reproductions who's mechanical mutants work havoc on the computer-programmed world. Arakawa's shiny surfaces are disturbed by uncontrolled, sporadic eruptions of brilliant color. Would future man think them ugly, say they are detracting from the desired effect of pre-determined accuracy? Perhaps the artist would remind us with this of the inherent imperfection of Nature and Man; and maybe in this irregular beauty is a warning to all those who grieve over the maladies of a malfunctioning metal box with buttons instead of the people behind the cards.

"When you look at something, you're changing; when you encounter anything- a chair, a painting, a person- you're gaining and losing."

S. Arakawa

"There is always a danger in discussing Arakawa's work that an analysis will make sense in which case it would seem to defeat his avowed intentions.

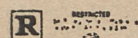
The key is that Arakawa's art is non-discriminating, it embraces and overlaps both the rational and irrational activities of the imagination. His is an art that is neither real in the ways in which we are accustomed to thinking of reality, nor unreal in the sense that it is totally imagined.

If an analysis of Arakawa's work has logic, it is because the person making the study has taken what is on the canvas as merely a framework, a point of departure, from which he may apply his own special knowledge. Since this knowledge varies from person to person, then the reality of the picture will vary depending upon who sees it." Bowles, *Art News*, May 1971.

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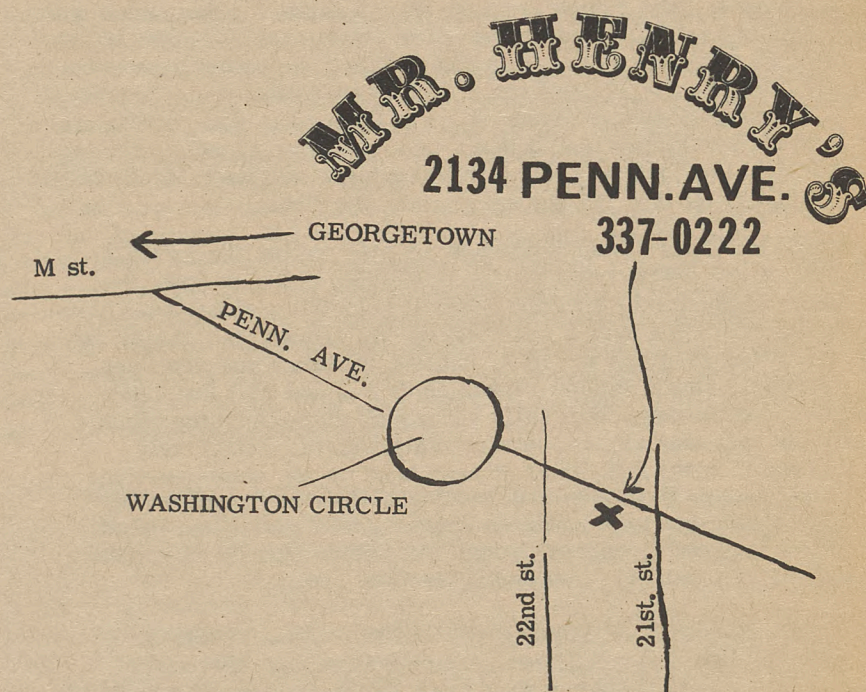


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ELEGIAC FEELINGS AMERICAN, by Gregory Corso
New Directions, \$2.25

When Allen Ginsberg chanted in defiance at the National Book Awards this year because Gregory Corso's *Elegiac Feelings American* did not win, I decided to see if it was worth singing for. The nomination, reputedly through Ginsberg's insistence, was a long time coming, since Corso had been writing for fifteen years. The literary establishment had seemed ready to honor one of the Sons of Darkness, comparable I guess to Ginsberg receiving a Guggenheim or Ionesco being installed in the Academie Francaise. Since I have not read the other books that were nominated, including the winner, I can't judge them against Corso's work. *Elegiac Feelings American* probably didn't deserve to win, because it is an uneven work. As is usually the case with Corso, there are flashes of real brilliance alternating too often with corniness and images or sentiments that just don't seem to work.

The spontaneity that is the hallmark of the beats can only go so far before the poet lets language run amok. It bears repeating that the use of language is the whole game in poetry. How well you say what you feel is the important thing. Sometimes Corso can express himself admirably; other times, when he gets too rhapsodic or prophetic, he doesn't make it.

Corso has always excelled, it seems to me, in the short, usually whimsical autobiographical poem. One of the poems I grew up on was his "Marriage," which is in *The Happy Birthday of Death*. The humorous image of crazy beatniks screwing around, yelling and eating all the food at a solemn ceremony was surely an inspiration to anyone who wanted to put on his boots and stay out of the suburbs. And then there were his long exclamatory stanzas. *Elegiac Feelings American* has many of these (plus a long unreadable poem on Egypt reproduced as Corso wrote it), some written a few years ago, others more recently. The title poem is a requiem for Jack Kerouac, the great beat, and it is sometime moving in its portrayal of the American consciousness that he helped found and yet could not understand when a new generation came around, younger, stronger, and every bit as wild as he had been when he was on the road. But at one point Corso seems to be saying that everyone is in the same situation: "Aye, what happened to you, dear friend, compassionate friend, is what is happening to everyone and thing on planet the clamorous sadly desperate planet now one voice less... expendable as the wind... gone, and who'll now blow away the awful miasma of sick, sick, and dying earth flesh - soul America..." The archaisms in this poem and the other more "emotional" ones are annoying, but the elegy is moving because it is a friend writing to a lost friend in the best way the beats know how. The poem that follows, "Spontaneous Requiem for the American Indian" is just that. He tries to achieve a panoramic effect by long, breathless paragraphs on tribes and atrocities, words stuck together, awful neologisms ("deathonic"), but lines like this just seem to be doggerel: "Blue-tipped yellow-tipped red-tipped feathers of whort dye/fluffing in fire mad dance whaa whaa dead men red/men feathers-in-their-head-men night!"

"Eastside Incidents", a short poem, is successful because it is a straightforward account of the poet's past in hard, exact images. "And there was Vito & Tony & Robby & Rocco/I see them now/eating poisoned mushrooms and vomiting air." The stranger poem "Hedgeville" is also short and concrete. Though you aren't sure what the incidents mean exactly, it has a whimsical, surreal ambiguity that is quite effective. The impact is close to what Ginsberg meant, I think, when he wrote in the introduction to *Gasoline* that Corso "wants a surface hilarious with ellipses, jumps of the strangest phrasing picked off the streets of his mind..."

Last night I drove a car
not knowing how to drive
not owning a car.
I drove and knocked down rubber statues
and watched them cry like rubber dolls
beneath my concrete wheels.
Nearing Hedgeville, I climbed in
the back seat and slept
excited about my new life.

Poems like "Hedgeville" seem more interesting to me than his longer ones because Corso is not consciously putting on the mask of the prophet. Along with Ginsberg he has a tendency to think of himself as the Great Seer of America, and their writings become just poor versions of their spiritual heir, Whitman. "How Whitman we were always wanting, a hoping, an America, that America ever an America to be, never an America to sing about or to, but ever an America to sing hopefully for..." I prefer the harder, bizarre images like in "Cambridge Sky": "I look up/and a thousand children/are candle-bled from my eyes..." Or how about the marvelous lines from "My Visit to Concord": "I looked into Old Manse and saw/Hawthorne's enormous shoe." That's the America he should write more about.

JOSEPH LEWIS

SMALL PRESS REVIEW

Now in its seventh year of publication, *TriQuarterly* is on almost every list of the five best literary magazines in the English language. It may very well be the best. *TriQuarterly* is published by Northwestern University Press at Evanston, Illinois. The current issue, *TriQuarterly* 21: Contemporary British Poetry, verifies once again the ongoing excellence of this distinguished publication. This generous 338 page anthology is the best of its kind that I have seen. At \$2.95, it is a must for libraries and for any private collector who pretends to love poetry.

In case there are doubts, and certainly such doubts have been voiced, this collection solidly supports the thesis that there is a vital, modern, experimental body of British Poetry. 23 poets are represented by an average of 14 pages each. Many of these poets are already well known in the United States; many others will be new and exciting encounters for the American Reader. I won't list their names; rather, I'll make the following remarkable assertion: all of the "poems" are POEMS! This is indeed a rare breed of anthology.

No particular school of poetry is touted, and, while it is possible to find that one of your favorite poets has been left out (you have his books anyway), the range of styles, subjects, and approaches to poetry is considerable. Every kind of experimentation is here, including the very necessary one of reshaping and re-understanding traditional poetics. The editor, John Mathias, has done a fine job. This anthology is attractively printed. The introduction, by Peter Jay, is a valuable guide to contemporary trends. And then there are the poems, friends--all those many, many wonderful poems.

****Another anthology, this time a one-man show, has been reprinted recently by that old war-horse of small presses, City Light Books. It is the *Artaud Anthology* (253 pages, \$3.00). This collection of poems, essays and letters leads the reader on a terrifying journey into the mind (in all its various contortions) of the man who brought you the "theatre of cruelty" and had a hand in so many of the artistic and cultural revolutions of this century. Antonin Artaud: radical, genius, freak, addict, actor, playwright, social theorist, philosopher of esthetics, self-analyst, lunatic, artist, prophet. This book, with the translations done by various hands, is edited by Jack Hirschman, has 16 pages of illustrations and will work its way under your skin, into your veins. The searing introspections, the anguished drug pleas, the struggle for lucidity, and the constant emanations and frustrations of genius all add up to a very heady literary trip.

PHILIP K. JASON

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A small group of people in Washington are interested in forming a JEWISH CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING GROUP. Women, chicanos, gay people, blacks have all started groups which struggle in a collective was to talk about how Amerika's oppresses them. We think Jews, especially movement people who are jewish, have has their sense of Jewish identity fucked-over by the melting pot, by Jewish collaborationist leadership and their parents definition of what it means to be Jewish in Amerika. As leftists, movement, people & non-zionists seeking to struggle collectively with like-minded people, we're interested in having others join us. Call 462-1982 if interested. Leave name & #.

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PHOTOGRAPHERS, other artists, a new country gallery is opening near Great Falls, Virginia...interested in any quality work, emulsion, oil, blockprint, sculpture...call 759-2777 nights and weekends...

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FLAUTIST who also plays acoustical guitar and piano is looking for a group in the D. C. area or for other musicians interested in forming a group. Call 544-1166 between 5 and 10 P.M. Ask for RICH.

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TUE. WED. JUNE 29-30	<i>The Virgin and the Gypsy</i>	&	<i>The Passion of Anna</i>
THUR. JULY 1	<i>In the Heat of the Night</i>	&	<i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>
FRI. THRU MON. JULY 2-4	<i>King of Hearts</i>	&	<i>A Thousand Clowns</i>
MON. THRU WED. JULY 5-7	<i>Alice's Restaurant</i>	&	<i>Goin' Down the Road</i>
THUR. THRU SAT. JULY 8-10	<i>Z</i>	&	<i>Burn</i>
SUN. MON. JULY 11-12	<i>True Grit</i>	&	<i>Downhill Racer</i>
TUE. THRU THUR. JULY 13-15	<i>Citizen Kane</i>	&	<i>The Magnificent Ambersons</i>
FRI. THRU MON. JULY 16-19	<i>Elvira Madigan</i>	&	<i>Jules and Jim</i>
TUE. THRU THUR. JULY 20-22	<i>Black Orpheus</i>	&	<i>Falstaff</i>
FRI. THRU MON. JULY 23-26	<i>Joe</i>	&	<i>Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx</i>
TUE. WED. JULY 27-28	<i>Stolen Kisses</i>	&	<i>Four Hundred Blows</i>
THUR. THRU SAT. JULY 29-31	<i>The Sterile Cuckoo</i>	&	<i>The Heart is a Lonely Hunter</i>
SUN. THRU TUE. AUG. 1-3	Franco Zeffirelli's Production of Puccini's Opera <i>La Boheme</i>	&	<i>The Rise of Louis XIV</i>
WED. THUR. AUG. 4-5	<i>Blue Angel</i>	&	<i>M</i>
FRI. SAT. AUG. 6-7	<i>In Cold Blood</i>	&	<i>Night of the Living Dead</i>
SUNDAY AUG. 8	<i>Producers</i>	&	<i>Bedazzled</i>
MON. THRU WED. AUG. 9-11	<i>War and Peace Part I</i>	&	<i>Potemkin</i>
THUR. THRU SAT. AUG. 12-14	<i>War and Peace Part II</i>	&	<i>Alexander Nevsky</i>
SUN. MON. AUG. 15-16	<i>Wait Until Dark</i>	&	<i>Perfect Friday</i>
TUE. WED. AUG. 17-18	<i>Hour of the Wolf</i>	&	<i>Magician</i>
THURSDAY AUG. 19	<i>Point of Order</i>	&	<i>The Trial</i>
FRI. SAT. AUG. 20-21	<i>Borsalino</i>	&	<i>Thomas Crown Affair</i>

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CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30

noon-Rhythmic Choir, People Congregational Church, Dupont Circle
7:30-Gay Women's Open House, call 671-3762
8-film, American Film Institute, (AFI) at L'Enfant Plaza- 2 comedy films (554-1000)
8:30- Ramsey Lewis at the Cellar Door-
8:30-Mitch Ryder & Detroit at the Wheaton Youth Center, \$2.00
8:30- The Temptations, at the Carter Baron, 16th & Colorado
8:30- Latin American Night at the Watergate Theatre, call 629-7226

THURSDAY, JULY 1

All-day--Drop in counseling at Fabbrangen, 2158 Florida Avenue
4/8-Food Co-op, Grace Church, 1041 Wisc. Ave.
8-WAFU Course, "Cars vs. People", call Sammie at 296-4350/JU5-8890
8-film, AFI, "It Happened One Night", 554-1000
8-Open rap group, Free Clinic
8-film, "To Sir With Love", AU, New Lecture Hall, free
8:30-The Temptations (see June 30)
8:30-Ramsey Lewis at the Cellar Door
8:30-"Jesus Christ, Superstar" at the Diadem Restaurant, Gaithersburg, Md.
8:30-Van Cliburn in the opening concert at the Filene Center, Wolf Trap Farm

FRIDAY, JULY 2

8-Open rap group at the Free Clinic
8-Newpprt Jazz Festival opens in Newport, \$5 a night
8-Claude Jones at Emergency, \$1.50
8:30-Free food at the Agape Coffehouse, at 3405 M Street, G'town.
8:30- The Temptations(see June 30)
8:30-Ramsey Lewis at the Cellar Door
8:30-"Superstar"(see July 1)
8:30- Van Cliburn concert (see July 1)
8-AFI, "That Certain Thing"&"Platinum Blonde"

SATURDAY, JULY #

All day- Recycle your carbage! at the Recycling Center, 4853 MacArthur Blvd. at the Safeway Parking Lot
11am-Metropolitan Abortion Alliance, Room 410, GWU Student Center, 4th floor
8-AFI-"American Madness" and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"
8/12-WAFU Coffehouse at Grace Church, 1041 Wisconsin Avenue
8/12-Fabbrangen Coffehouse at 2158 Florida Ave, NW, with free flicks and coffe, tea and pastries
8:30-Claude Jones at Emergency, \$1.50
8:30-Ramsey Lewis at the Cellar Door
8:30-"Superstar" (see July 1)
8:30-The Temptations-(see June 30)
8:30-Lorin Hollander(piano) Itzak Perlman (violin) at the Filene Center, Wolf Trap

SUNDAY, JULY 4

All day- SMOKE-IN at the Washington Monument
All day-Recycle your carbage
noon on-STREET GALLERY under the canopy of Crystal City Restaurant, Conn. & R
2/7-GROK Concert at the P Street Beach(call Switchboard for listings of bands)
5-Opulent Festival and feast- Yoga House, 2015 Q Street, NW
7-Jose Greco and Nana Lorca Flamenco Dance Theatre-Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md.
7:30-Kenny Lara-calyppo and songs of humor, Karen Wintermyer, folk guitar & vocals, free coffe, etc.
8-AFI, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
8:30-"Superstar"(see July 1)
8:30-Hootenannies at the Cellar Door

MONDAY, JULY 5

8-AFI, "Lost Horizon"
8-Newport Jazz Festival's last day
8:30- Frankie Vallie & the Four Seasons, Jay & the Americans, Shady Grove
8:30-Kris Kristofferson at the Cellar Door
8:30-Board Meeting at the Free Clinic
8:30-musical, "1776", Post Pavilion
8:30-Dionne Warwick & David Steinberg at the Carter Baron Amphitheatre

TUESDAY, JULY 6

8-AFI, "Theodora Goes Wild"
8-Gay Rap Group at the Free Clinic
8-"Grandeur and Obedience:The Light of Experience" at AU, New Lecture Hall, free
8-"The Quiet Mind", the author (John Coleman) lecturing at the Potter's House, 1658 Col. Rd
8:30-New York City Center Joffrey Ballet opens a week at the Filene Center, Wolf Trap Farm
8:30- Dione Warwick, etc. (see July 5)
8:30-Kris Kristofferson at the Cellar Door

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT ANY OF THESE LISTINGS, CALL SWITCHBOARD AT 387-5800-
IF YOU HAVE AN EVENT YOU WANT LISTED, DO THE SAME.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

7:30-Gay Women's Open House, call 671-3762
8-AFI, "Only Angels Have Wings"
8:30-Kris Kristofferson at the Cellar Door
8:30-Dionne Warwick at the Carter Baron
8:30-"1776" at the Post Pavilion
8:30- Joffrey Ballet at Filene Center

THURSDAY, JULY 8

All day- drop in counseling at the Fabbrangen, 2158 Florida Ave. NW
4/9-Food co-op(see July 1)
8-AFI"Holiday"
8-James Brown Review at the Warner Theatre
8-"Morgan", a free flick at AU, New Lecture Hall
8-"Superstar"(see July 1)
8-Open rap at the Free Clinic
8:30-Kris Kristofferson at the Cellar Door
8:30-Joffrey Ballet at the Filene Center
8:30-Dionne Warwick at the Carter Baron
8:30-"1776" at the Post Pavilion

FRIDAY, JULY 9

8-AFI, "Man's Castle" & "She Married Her Boss"
8-Open rap groups at the Free Clinic
8/12- Gay coffehouse at the U. of Md. Lounge of Key Hall
8:30-Kris Kristofferson at the Cellar Door
8:30-"Supertstar" (see July 1)
8:30-James Brown at the Warner Theatre
8:30-Joffrey Ballet at the Filene Center
8:30-Dionne Warwick at the Carter Baron
8:30- "1776" at the Post Pavilion

SATURDAY, JULY 10

All day- Recycle your carbage
11am-Metropolitan Abortion Alliance(see 3d)
8-AFI, "The Criminal Code" & "Twentieth Century"
8-WAFU Coffehouse at Grace Church, 1041 Wisconsin, good blues and food-come on down to a 'stoned soul picnic'
8-Fabbrangen Coffehouse, 2158 Florida Ave. NW free flicks, coffee tea and pastries-good folk musicians needed- films "A Chairy Tale" and "Malcolm X: A Struggle for Freedom"
8:30-James Brown at the Warner Theatre
8:30-Kris Kristofferson at the Cellar Door
8:30-Dionne Warwick at the Carter Baron
8:30-Joffrey Ballet at the Filene Center
8:30-"Superstar"(see July 1)
8:30-Wooden Nickel Concert at Falls Church Community Center
8:30-"1776" at Post Pavilion

SUNDAY, JULY 11

All day-STREET GALLERY under the canopy of the Crystal City Restaurant
All day- Recycle your garbage
2/7-GROK Concert at P Street Beach(call at Switchboard for listings of bands)
5-Opulent feast and festival, Yoga House, 2015 Q Street, NW
8-AFI, "The Awful Truth" and "The King Steps Out"
7-Jethro Tull & Yes, in concert at Alexandria Roller Rink, \$5.50
8:30-Gospel Music Hour with Francine Taylor Sister B and others- good fried chicken, beer and cokes(call Switchboard for location)
8:30-"Superstar"(see July 1)
8:30-Hootenanny at the Cellar Door
8:30-James Brown at the Warner theatre
8:30-Dionne Warwick at the Carter Baron

MONDAY, JULY 12

8-AFI-"The Talk of the Town"
8:30- Johnny Rivers and Budgie at the Cellar Door
8:30- Harry Belafonte at the Post Pavilion
8:30--Pierre Boulez conducts the Cleveland Orchestra at the Filene Center
8:30-Roberta Flack, Cannonball Adderley, Les McCann, Joe Williams, Donny Hathaway at the Carter Baron-

TUESDAY, JULY 13

8-AFI, "You'll Never Get Rich" & "Sahara"
8-Gay Rap group at the Free Clinic
8:30-Hoberta Flack, etc. (see July 12)
8:30-Johnny Rivers & Budgie at Cellar Door

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14

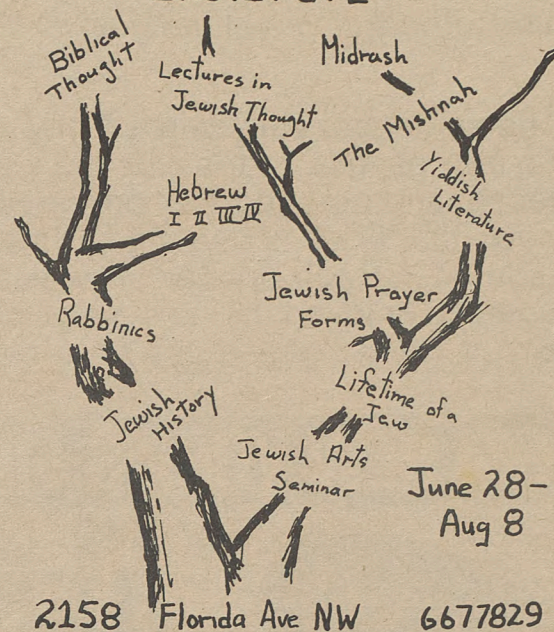
7:30- Gay Wpmens' Open House , call 671-376:
8-AFI, "The More The Merrier"
8:30- Roberta Flack (see July 12)
8:30-Johnny Rivers & Budgie at Cellar Door

THURSDAY JULY 15

23

8-AFI-"Cover Girl"
8-Opening night, "hey Kid" at Trinity Theatre, 36th & o
8-Open rap session at Free Clinic
8-HEAVY ORGAN with Virgil Fox and the Pablo Light Show, at Constitution Hall
8:30-"Superstar", (see July 1)
8:30-Johnny Rivers & Budgie at Cellar Door
8:30-Roberta Flack (see July 12)

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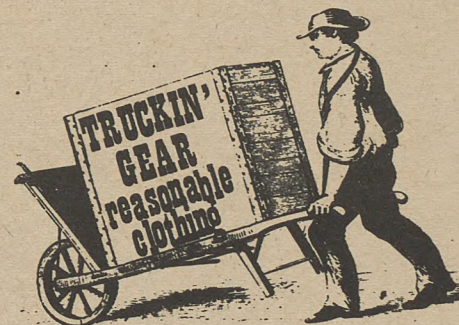
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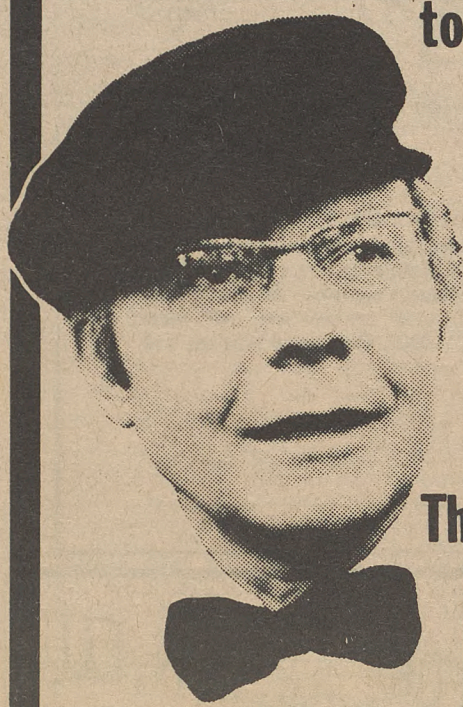
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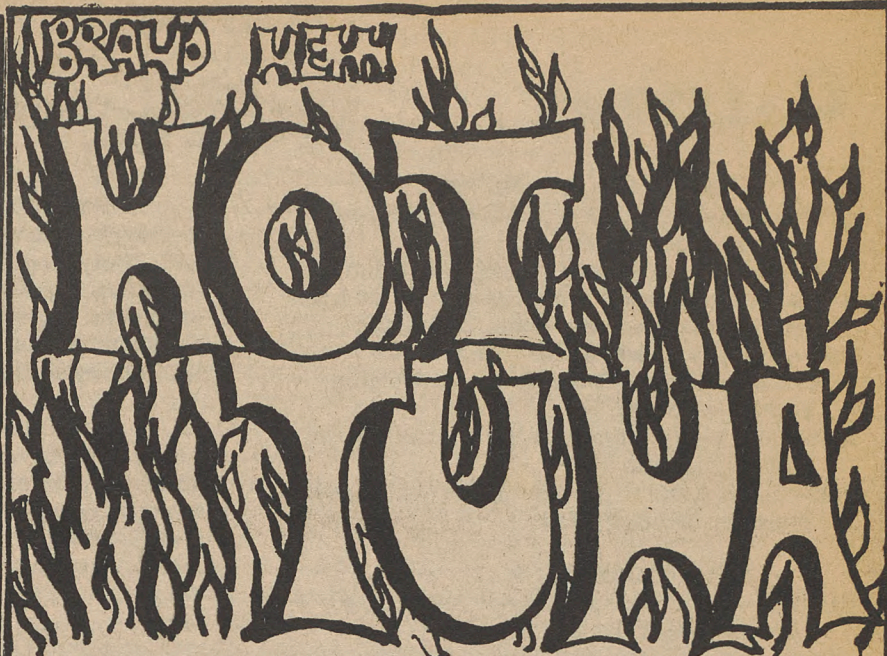
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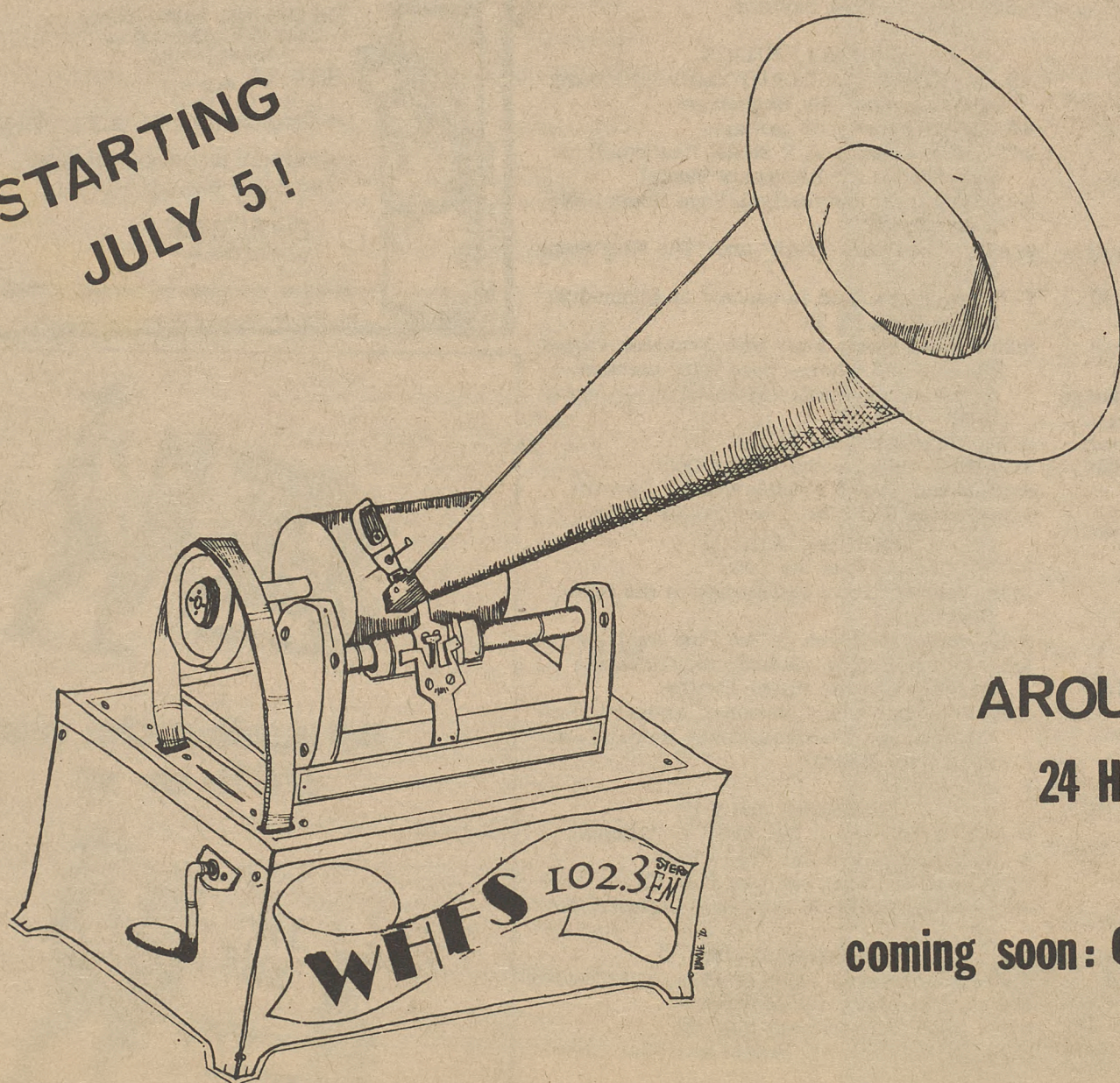
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